The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1902.

The Week.

As we go to press, the strike leaders are considering an offer from the operators to submit "all questions at issue between the respective companies and their own employees" to a commission of five disinterested experts to be appointed by the President; this upon condition of immediate resumption of work without objection to, or further molestation of, non-union workers. This offer has the advantage over Mitchell's, of seemingly like tenor, in that it prescriptively excludes politics from the commission. It has the moral virtue of conceding nothing to the dominating spirit of trade-unionism. Its fate will be known by the time these lines are read. While we wish it success, we have no desire to qualify what we have written elsewhere on the general aspects of the strike up to the present attempt at settlement. The President's intervention from first to last will forever stand as a sign of *national* concern with the chronic disturbance of American industry and commerce by unscrupulous and tyrannical labor organizations. The present contest, we may be sure, is not the last, even if the operators' offer be accepted. But it is something to have stood for the principle of free labor and free contract like men, and to have averted a

"dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty."

Mr. Goldwin Smith, of whom it may still be said, as Cobden said of him forty years ago, that "his pen is a power in the state," had a brief but weighty letter on the coal strike in Sunday's *Sun*. The sum of it is, that the crisis calls for a new assertion of the national authority. He points out that anthracite mining has clearly become a national interest, and maintains that the national Government ought to have power, when local government fails, to "declare the imperilled interest national and take the matter into its own hands." By this Mr. Smith does not mean to countenance any scheme of "nationalizing" the mining business. He desires, rather, to see it simply rationalized. That is, he would have it and all parties to it made subject to Federal law, so that when the comfort and well-being and almost the very life of the people are threatened, we shall not have to present to the world the spectacle of a great nation unable to protect itself from internal enemies. Mr. Smith's letter closes with these words:

"The political verdict of the civil war was that you were no longer a federation of sovereign States, but a nation. Confirmation of this verdict may be a useful and redeeming consequence of the strike."

This acute and friendly observer has put his finger on the sore spot. All reflecting Americans have felt, within the past few weeks, a sort of baffled and angry sense of national impotence and humiliation.

Is there not a solemn warning for the Republican party in the way in which its campaign has been shattered to fragments by the coal strike? Here we see its managers in two great States, with critical elections on their hands, dropping everything in unconcealed alarm, and practically confessing that they are beaten in advance unless they are able to settle a labor difficulty. What a pitiable state of panic for a great party to fall into! And the worst of it is that it is the direct result of its own boasted claims and favorite teachings. It has posed as the guardian angel of every laboring man, the universal provider of prosperity, fatuously failing to perceive how this attitude puts it at the mercy of every industrial disturbance or crop failure that comes along. In 1892 it was the rueful confession of Republicans that it was the Homestead strike that lost them the Presidency. Yet since then, with redoubled folly, the party leaders have gone on delivering themselves into the hands of strikers and agitators, until now they are aghast at the political precipice up to which they have walked so light-heartedly. It is in vain for them to point to good administration at Washington and Albany, at better appointments, at economy, at far-sighted plans of tax reform—all is swept away in the angry demand that a party which undertakes to make every citizen happy and prosperous, end the coal strike at once or be dashed from power. This perilous situation should awaken thoughtful Republicans to the frightful mistake their party has been making all these years.

If Secretary Shaw's direction to collectors, to "facilitate" in every way the importation of coal, means, as is broadly hinted, that the legal duties will be waived, we have a still more alarming example than was his suspension of the bank-reserve rule, of nullifying the law by executive interpretation. No one can hold a lower opinion of the tariff on coal than we do. It is unnecessary, vexing, foolish. It is one of the most hateful instances of protectionist greed. But there it stands in the law, and, until repealed, must be enforced. Winking at an evasion of it would bring both the law and the Secretary into contempt. We were going to say that it would bring the whole protective policy into contempt; but that work is, at present, one of the purest supererogation. We do not remember the time when protection was in such disgrace, even in the house of its friends. Its very devotees and apologists have such gentle words to apply to it as blood-sucking and piracy. But there must be no attempts to punish the protectionist blood-suckers and pirates. Oh, no; to do that, the President says, would "unsettle confidence."

Now we have Secretary Moody proposing to rip open the tariff and paralyze business. In his speech at Madison, Wis., he asserted of his own knowledge that the duty on coal of 67 cents a ton was "covertly and in a cowardly manner smuggled into the Dingley bill." He urged, and Washington dispatches say that the President will recommend, that Congress promptly remove that tax on a necesssary of life. But how can the thing be done? Has not President Roosevelt himself protested against tariff-tinkering? Did he not find out, in the case of the protective duty on beet-sugar, that it is impossible to strike at one greedy interest without arousing all the other greedy interests to come to its rescue? The President has much to learn about the way protective tariffs are made and maintained if he imagines that what Secretary Moody calls "blood-money" can be taken out of them without exsanguinating the whole system. What if selfish and cowardly duties were smuggled into the law, no one but wicked Democrats will talk about forcing them out. If the President and Secretary Moody go on talking about the monstrously unjust tariff taxes that Congress should repeal, the protected interests will send Lodge to the White House and the Navy Department to repeat his great speech on the impossibility of any patriot uttering the words tariff revision except in a whisper and in a dark closet.

In the midst of the coal crisis and of much other internal disorder, we are asked to give attention to our duties as guardian of the island of Cuba, and to see that she fulfils her duties to us. She has not signed the treaty which is required under the Platt Amendment. She has not turned over to us any coaling stations or forts. She has not completed the treaty of reciprocity which we have offered to her. The worst of it is, however, that, after all we have done for Cuba, she does not love us. How sharper than a serpent's tooth! But this is only a beginning of our outside perplexities. Congress will soon be requested to assume responsibility for the Danish West Indies and to pay $5,000,-

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000 cash for that privilege, plus a considerable stipend each year to meet the deficit which has been a charge on the Danish treasury. Confronting us also is the much greater problem of getting rid of the friars in the Philippines, paying them off, disposing of their lands, and bringing in their successors. Added to this is the task of preparing the Filipinos for "ultimate self-government"—except the Moros. The duty of killing the latter is still upon us. They are unconscionable Mohammedans, polygamists, and slaveholders. We must put them down anyhow. There has been an earthquake and tidal wave at Guam, and the officer in charge there has sent a pressing appeal for money and material to rebuild the piers and barracks. From Hawaii comes an urgent request for permission to introduce Chinese labor, and also a counter petition which tells of intolerable cruelty practised upon natives of Porto Rico who had been induced to migrate to Hawaii to take the places of Chinese coolies hitherto working there. The foolish may now ask whether the problems which face Uncle Sam in his own territory are not sufficient to engage his energies and tax his ingenuity without seeking new ones on the other side of the globe, or even in the neighboring waters of the Caribbees.

The refusal of the Sultan of Bacolod to accept the blessings of American civilization is one of the most singular happenings of the hour. This wretch actually prefers death to the kind of Americanization which has been going on in Luzon, and Samar, and elsewhere these last four years. With inconceivable stupidity and shortsightedness he would rather be ruler of his own lands than accept the sovereignty of the United States as enforced by Gov. Taft and Gen. Sumner. Instead of being ready to have Christianity forced down his throat at the same time, he wishes to die for Mohammedanism from bullets fired in the name of the Prince of Peace. Anybody, we insist, who is such a blockhead as to decline all these advantages, including the enforced learning of English, particularly when they are offered by the Republican party, ought to be done away with, and very promptly, too. If anybody insinuates that this killing of hundreds of Mohammedans in an equatorial island 8,000 miles away is despicable and unworthy business for a great nation, why, tell him he is unpatriotic, set him, as Secretary Shaw would suggest, to singing "America," and talk about the coal strike.

The paralysis of law, in a community over-afflicted with petty politics and labor-union tyranny, had sharp illustration in New Orleans last week. For days the riotous striking motormen dominated the city and defied its police force. Men were ready to take the places of the strikers, but not a car was run. With policemen enough on Canal Street, according to the local papers, to have swept the thoroughfare clear of rioters as fast as the route could be traversed, barricades were built on the tracks, the cars were stopped almost as soon as they left the barns, and their motormen were beaten and dragged away. "Please give way there, gentlemen," said the polite policemen on the cars, "we don't want trouble"; and not a police club met the bludgeons of the mob. To club a brick-throwing striker might be to club a political worker of one of the Police Commissioners. Besides, unionists have votes, and election day is only three weeks distant. Nor could reliance be placed on the local militiamen, who forgot their oaths to the State in their sympathy for unionism, or their fear of its boycott; and the strikers modified their terms only when confronted by militia brought from the rural districts, where there is less of corrupt politics and of union domination.

The Grand Army treated the new Pension Commissioner rather badly on Thursday, in that it failed to rebuke him for standing in the way of the veterans who wish to coin their patriotism. We must confess that Mr. Ware has thus got a good deal to live down, for every watchful and efficient Commissioner has hitherto been so savagely attacked by the Grand Army that this treatment had come to be regarded as a certificate of merit, and its absence as a ground for suspicion. We doubt whether President Roosevelt will like the outgoing Commander-in-chief's assertion that the Grand Army compelled the retirement of Commissioner Evans. The President gave other reasons, and it should cause him considerable food for reflection, now that he finds the pension-grabbers rejoicing over it, and saying, "We did it." Mr. Ware having removed the Chief Pension Examiner, who was a foe to dishonesty and fraudulent pensions, the Grand Army has moved on to attack a third of the safeguards supposed to protect the Treasury from unwarranted rifiers. Its Pension Committee assailed the whole medical division of the Pension Bureau, declaring it "a dead line where are executed the claims of veterans seeking pensions." By all means let us get rid of this protection, and turn the Treasury wide open to the swindlers and the shirks as well as the deserving. There are 200,000 veterans without pensions, Gen. Torrance declared. At any cost let us give them everything they want, and demonstrate the fact that true patriotism consists in mulcting your Government as much as possible because you did your duty honorably, or dishonorably, forty years ago.

Earnings of the Steel Corporation for the September quarter add their testimony to the remarkable prosperity of the iron trade. The company's earnings during the past three months, in excess of operating expenses, have surpassed last year's by eight million dollars, or 28 per cent. Part of this increase results, no doubt, from the fact that last year's strike of steel workers came in the summer quarter. One curious part of last year's showing, however, was that the company's net earnings increased in each successive month of the strike until September; July, 1901, showing $185,000 more net receipts than June, and August $230,000 more than July. The higher price of the company's products counts for much this year. Prices now range, in fact, from 10 to 50 per cent. above those of this date a year ago. Not only has pig-iron risen since last October from $14.90 to $22 per ton, but steel billets, a staple product of the trade, sell at Pittsburgh now for $29.50, as against $26.50 a year ago, and $16.50 in 1900; the other forms of steel having advanced correspondingly. This great advance may fairly be said to have occurred in the face of the company's efforts to maintain a steady market. It is, in fact, an index to the enormous continuing demand for iron, chiefly for building purposes. Our import, during the eight first months in the present year, of 160,000 tons more foreign steel than we took in 1901, is one evidence of this American demand. The situation suggests two comments. The first should be, on the utter absurdity and wrongfulness of the 30 per cent. duty on these steel imports at a time when the public revenue is too large already and the home steel-maker unable to meet the home demand. The second is, on the singularity of the demand, by a company in the Steel Corporation's present situation, that there be saddled on the enterprise a debt of $200,000,000, through which not a dollar of new assets is obtained.

After a censored war, a censored inquiry into it. That was the case with our Philippine war, and now it is to be the course with the South African war also. The Royal Commission of investigation begins its labors by excluding the press. This is as if in humble imitation of Lodge's committee at Washington. And the reasons alleged in either instance are curiously alike, and curiously fallacious. As long as the war is in progress, no questions must be asked. It would be unpatriotic to ask any; it would only encourage the enemy; it is well known that the bravest and purest soldiers cannot fight so well when their peculations and violations of the laws of war are exposed. Wait till the war is over, and then thrust in the probe as deeply as you please. Well, the end of the war comes at last, and the promise of thorough investigation the Government finds it highly inconvenient to

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fulfil. A Royal Commission is named, but certain subjects of inquiry are carefully withdrawn from it. The old excuses, supposed to be good only for war-time, are alleged again—we must not betray our military weakness; we dare not give aid and comfort to a possible enemy in the future. And, to crown all, the Commission is to sit in secret. If anything disagreeable should be put in evidence, you know! Besides, the Commission will publish all that the public really ought to have. We Americans can see how absurd this is in the English.

Mr. Balfour convenes Parliament today, and will renew the discussion of the Education Bill, the essential clauses of which have already been passed. He has before him the alternatives of jamming the bill through in its original form—a policy which would threaten a prompt dissolution—or of withdrawing it ignominiously and continuing the present makeshifts, or of accepting a compromise which would give all religious denominations equal privileges in the schools. During the prorogation of Parliament the matter of public primary education has been vigorously debated in both the Unionist and the Liberal press, and it may fairly be said that the whole question has passed beyond Mr. Balfour's control. Many of his own supporters look longingly towards the non-sectarian schools of America, and even those who insist upon denominational control of the schools desire freedom of voluntary religious instruction, under some form of the Faribault plan. Undoubtedly a small but influential part of the majority will insist that the Church schools offer in their buildings, valued at $20,000,000, an equivalent for the support they are to receive from the rate-payers. But the rate-payers are not of this opinion, and if Mr. Balfour persists in saddling upon the people schools maintained from the rates, but managed by denominational committees, he will force a political crisis.

Mr. Chamberlain has told the Liberal Unionists that on the Education Bill the Ministerial programme is battle, not compromise. He adds that the bill is not to his taste—he would personally prefer secular to denominational education; but he promises the measure his loyal support; and, since the Ministry is irretrievably committed to the Bishops' plan, he bids Liberal Unionists pocket their prejudices and swallow the bill. Unless the dispatches misrepresent the tone of his address, he assumes that the dose will be a bitter one. Mr. Chamberlain is a fighter, and his loyalty in this matter is unquestioned, but one cannot help remembering that if Mr. Balfour should perish politically while leading this forlorn hope, Mr. Chamberlain would certainly survive, and would almost inevitably assume the vacated command of the baffled Unionist forces. This obvious consideration does not detract from the sincerity of that counsel which bids Mr. Balfour take the chances of attack rather than abide the perils of retreat, but it explains why Mr. Chamberlain is able to urge desperate courses with a certain cheerfulness.

The celebration of the tercentenary of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which took place last week, is an event of more than local importance. Scholars from the entire civilized world have enjoyed the hospitality of its shadowy alcoves, and have received the courteous assistance of its accomplished staff. A great storehouse of books thus administered deserves Professor Dixon's appellation—"An International University." Sir Thomas Bodley, when he founded a library as an ultra-British and ultra-Stuart university, could not have imagined that he was endowing an essentially cosmopolitan institution, and it was two generations before the German-born Hollander and pioneer English philologer Francis Junius gave his Anglo-Saxon collection to his neighbor, Bodley's librarian, for the use of all students in perpetuity. This was perhaps the first hint of the international character that the Bodleian Library was to assume. No one who has read in the halls that Duke Humphrey of Gloucester built and Sir Thomas Bodley rebuilt and filled with books, could fail to attend in spirit the recent ceremonies. And hundreds of students who have not had that good fortune have yet had occasion, by correspondence, to test the fidelity and good will of the administrators of Sir Thomas Bodley's trust. There are great libraries which are veritable cemeteries of books, and in which a reader is almost an intruder. This the Bodleian emphatically is not, and the attendance of representatives of many lands and institutions of learning of the Bodleian tercentenary, is, perhaps, quite as much a tribute to the enlightened management of Sir E. Maunde Thompson, Mr. Nicholson, and their assistants, as it is to the revered memory of Sir Thomas Bodley.

The riotous demonstrations at the opening of the Hungarian Parliament may merely represent the permanently unhappy conditions of Parliamentary debate in the Dual Monarchy, or they may portend a bitter opposition to the renewal of the fiscal apportionment *(Ausgleich)* between Austria and Hungary. It is to be feared that the graver interpretation is the truer one. Since December, 1897, this battle of the *Ausgleich* has been fought, and while the minor controversies that disturbed the parliaments of the Empire and its constituent kingdoms have been thoroughly threshed out, the apportioning of the burdens of empire has resisted solution. The continuation of the old treaty as a *modus vivendi* was probably the only possible course, but it has worked against Austria, and has given the Hungarians every reason for wilful obstruction. Under this temporary arrangement, Hungary pays a little less than one-third of the imperial expenses. The Austrians, who wish to make the apportionment upon the basis of population, not of taxable property, contended that the share of Hungary should be 43.14 per cent.—an extreme claim, which they have subsequently reduced to 36 per cent. If it were purely a fiscal matter, arbitration would be easy. But the whole debate is complicated by a racial incompatibility between the German-Austrians and the Magyars which strikingly recalls the Anglo-Irish imbroglio, and by the dread of the growing Pan-Germanic propaganda. The Emperor, who was bitterly attacked, has maintained an admirable impartiality, and has made gradual progress towards conciliation. He can, however, hardly live to see his work completed, and will leave no successor of equal ability. It is in view of this great uncertainty that the chronic disorder and obstruction in the legislative bodies of Austria is doubly ominous.

Much of the Macedonian news is from suspect sources, and it is always possible that, the same minor affray being simultaneously reported from several news centres, may assume the aspect of a general uprising. But the disorders on the northern border of Macedonia are already serious enough to warrant the outgiving of a circular note of protest by the Porte, and to elicit a somewhat cynical *non possumus* from the Bulgarian Government. So far the revolutionary bands which operate near the Bulgarian line seem to have it all their own way. Their hope is either to produce a state of chronic irritation which would require the carving out of another independent principality, or to provoke the Turkish troops to atrocities which would arouse the Christian Powers to the point of armed intervention. As to this latter aspiration, it is certain that Turkish nature has not greatly changed since the Armenian massacres, to go no further back, but Turkish policy has somewhat changed. During the brief Grecian campaign the Turkish troops were admirably kept in hand, and repeated none of the horrors of the Russian war. It will be difficult for Zontcheff's or for Sarafof's bands to create a cause for intervention. The circular note of the Porte is probably a kind of notice that the revolt is to be put down with the military arm, and an expression of willingness that any other Power should undertake the duty of keeping the peace in the Balkans.

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THE STATE OF SIEGE.

We are now entering on the sixth month of the investment of the Atlantic seaboard by the forces under Commander-in-chief Mitchell, and a fortnight has elapsed since Commander-in-chief Roosevelt declared the situation extremely annoying, and said it must really terminate at once. In the meantime, the naval manœuvres on the same coast have demonstrated—who knows what? Either our complete immunity from foreign invasion, or the pressing necessity for more ships and more fortifications. To complete the picture, while every political means has been exhausted to effect a surrender of the besiegers, the *Grand Army of the Republic* has been holding its annual picnic in Washington. Great show of activity by sea in warding off attack from the quarter where attack is not contemplated or entertainable; great show of what we may call Button Patriotism on shore, with blissful ignoring of the new half-year-old rebellion.

The march of the seasons has not been stayed. Winter is upon us, and our Eastern population is preparing to practise those economies and face those hardships which were the lot of the first settlers. This means a turning back of civilization. For lack of fuel, our schools must be closed; hospitals must turn out their inmates; full-pursed charity cannot by any gift of money supply the one universal need. The besiegers without have what is vital to those within. The blockhouse is surrounded by a wily and savage foe, lying in wait for whoever dares issue to fetch water from the spring. Worse than this, some of the besieged are paying tribute to their tormentors, supplying them with ammunition and encouraging them to persevere in reducing the fort. This is the new federation of labor, with its sympathetic strikes and its Peter's pence.

The pauperization of the community goes on apace. The strikers and their poorer victims alike are supported by money that they have not earned. As industries are paralyzed for want of supplies or from the general uncertainty, the idlers are increased, their numbers being swelled by the school-children thrown upon the streets. This means the rapid expansion of the dangerous classes, a hotbed forcing of youthful ruffianism, the most terrible of all. Along with this goes a closer huddling in the congested districts, diminished ventilation, diminished personal cleanliness, lowered vitality from insufficient food and clothing—a premium on contagion and infant mortality which boards of health can no longer cope with. These bodies, charged with powers almost tyrannical to abate nuisances and danger to the public health in ordinary times, are now rendered impotent by the timidity of the State and national authorities, who palter with a social condition worse than the plague.

Let us do the authorities justice; they have no support from the patriotism of the classes or the masses. In the great cities which boast their Union Leagues, we see no meetings to assure the President that courageous action on his part in freeing and protecting labor in the coal region will be sustained by the virtue, intelligence, and philanthropy of the country. Everywhere we see a confusion of the issue, a belittling of the crisis, a happy-go-lucky optimism, or a monstrous demand on the assaulted to cease from resistance. The party press, with the elections close at hand, strives to make the public ear attentive to campaign platitudes about the Trusts. Anything but the question of the hour, clearly regarded, honestly stated, boldly solved as it should be solved. The President at the capital, with his ear to the ground, hears only inarticulate murmurs, not the one voice which marks a nation conscious of its peril and clamorous to be led.

Among the well-meaning there are two sorts of reasoners who combine to darken counsel and to unnerve the will of the Executive. One consists of those who view the coal strike as a thing apart from the every-day manifestations of trade-unionism; and the other, of those who confound it with ordinary strikes. All trade-unionism that embraces strikes among its measures relies for its ultimate success upon intimidation and violence—that is, upon brutality and lawlessness. Whenever this stage is reached, no matter what the average membership of a union for intelligence, sobriety, and self-respect, it touches hands with the mob, whose support it instinctively has and does not decline. It is, even when quiescent, still a potential mob, and one highly organized, with affiliations which now literally go out to the ends of the earth, drawing subsidies from unions of diverse and non-related crafts without reference to the merits of the strike. It has the very stamp of the mob (as seen in the negro lynchings at the South) in its assumption of right without examination or trial. The strike is on—call in the tithes of all the union band; they will be paid without question. The strike exists, therefore it is just. Until this aspect of trade-unionism is seen in its true light of anarchy, it will never cease to devastate the land with unrest and crime, while eating out the manhood of those who passively submit.

The second grave mistake is to think that public policy must disregard the *magnitude* of a disturbance not differing in principle from those commonly endured. Were the coal strike localized in its effects to Pennsylvania, that State might well be left to stew in its own juice of corruption and work out its own salvation. Not only is it not so localized, it has been incited and engineered from without by a foreign combination, while its baleful consequences permeate every part of the country in some degree. No opposition or remedy will, in the nature of the case, avail from the action of other States. The supply of coal is circumscribed; approach to it is denied with bludgeon, torch, and dynamite. The original United States is cut off from a supreme necessary of life without resource unless it be in the Federal Executive. It is as if a scission of that part of the Union had been effected, so far as a right to protection under the national ægis is concerned. New England and the Middle States may truly declare that they have no President at this moment.

The cry is repeated from Washington: Show us the law and we will act. Show us, on the other hand, the law which obliges the Executive to see the independent laborer cheated of his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness through the instrumentality of general distress and famine exerted against innocent millions. A poor sort of nation, we were told in our first imperial days, that cannot burn its Declaration and hold colonies in subjection, though no one has ever pointed out the warrant of law. What is now demanded of the President, sole representative in our system of the whole people, is to *maintain* the Declaration as regards labor at least, giving no justification to despotism because it is organized, withholding no safeguard from manhood standing aloof from or kept out of the organization. If the laborer A must be free to be idle, laborer B must be free to work. This is the doctrine for all occasions; its enforcement now with a will, and with the whole power of the Federal Government is the duty which the President may continue to evade, but cannot disown.

GOVERNMENT COAL MINES.

In a speech at Brooklyn on Saturday evening, ex-Gov. Hill essayed a defence of the clause of the Democratic State platform which demands that the Government shall take possession of the anthracite coal mines under the law of eminent domain. This proposal is no doubt attractive to many persons who look forward to the coming winter with grave apprehensions of a coal famine. As the plan contemplates fair and just compensation to the owners, we need not consider its legal bearings except to remark that the application of the law of eminent domain is not an instantaneous operation. Appraisal of the numerous properties would be a tedious and protracted task, and would involve a hot dispute. The owners would expect a price based upon past earnings; but since a mine becomes less valuable

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every day that it is worked, and is doomed to exhaustion sooner or later, and since the coal-carrying railroads will not be worth much after the coal is gone, a fair price would be much less than a capitalization of the usual income. Therefore the "due process of law" which the Constitution requires could not be carried into effect for a long time, in any event. The present crisis in the coal trade would have passed away long before.

Would it be conducive to the public interest that the Government should undertake the business of coal mining? People who attempt to decide this question off-hand assume that there is some mysterious power in a government, enabling it to take hold of a new and vast business of the most technical and complex nature, and make it a success, where private enterprise and skill of the highest type, backed by unlimited capital, have resulted in a deadlock. The least reflection should convince us that if the Government owned the mines and machinery to-day, it would inevitably break down in an attempt to supply 50,000,000 tons of anthracite coal in twelve months and deliver it to the buyers at the average price heretofore charged for it. The only way it could accomplish any effective work would be to hire the present owners and employees, at suitable salaries, to carry it on. This would be the first thing to do. Increased cost of output would follow directly. Government seldom gets any work done as cheaply or as well as private persons do. The spur of self-interest that devises economies which make up the whole difference between success and failure, would be wanting. Moreover, miners would expect higher wages from the Government than from private operators, and would have considerable influence as voters in deciding what the wages should be. Unless coal mining is to become in part a charge upon the taxpayers, the price of coal would have to be increased largely and permanently.

We have assumed that the Government might secure the services of the men who are now the heads of the mining industry, but this is by no means certain. Very few men possessing the requisite skill and experience could be obtained for the salaries which the Government usually pays to its highest public servants, such as Cabinet Ministers, Justices of the Supreme Court, etc. It is quite certain, however, that the politicians would very soon be scheming for these places, both high and low. If "the Government" which is to own the coal mines means the Government of Pennsylvania, Senator Quay would soon be the boss of all the mines and carrying companies, and every man who entered the service, either as a certificated miner or as a mule-driver, would eventually be an office-holder whose place would be at the disposal of the party machine. All these things would happen unless the Government of Pennsylvania should have means for operating coal mines and railroads superior to those which it has for administering municipal affairs in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. But it would probably have less, since there would be fewer persons to keep an eye on the office-holders in the mines than on those in the City Hall.

Gov. Hill favors the policy of the national Government instead of State Governments taking charge of the coal mines, because he says it is a national question. In that event the transfer of ownership would not be restricted to anthracite mines. It would embrace bituminous mines and lignite beds, and probably oil wells and natural gas. Mr. Hill seems to favor the working of gold and silver mines by the Government also. Iron, lead, copper, zinc, and borax mines would naturally come next. All the political meddling that we might expect from separate State action would be repeated on a larger scale. Quay would not lose his influence over Pennsylvania mines by their transfer to the national Government. The people would demand all the products of Government mines at as low a price as they were previously supplied for, and, if there were a failure of the supply, or a material advance in price, would "arraign" the party in power, and, in any extreme case like the present deficiency of coal, would hurl it from power.

The public interest lies in having coal supplied in sufficient quantity at the lowest possible price. There is no reason to believe that the Government could do this work nearly as well as it has been done in the past by private enterprise. No doubt there have been grave abuses in the private mining and transportation of anthracite coal which a wise Government might properly take cognizance of and chastise, without assuming ownership of the mines; but those abuses have been fewer and less heinous than would have been committed under Government mining, while the supply of coal has been more regular and the price lower to the consumer than it would have been under such a system.

The only solution of the coal question that seems possible, or is likely to be permanent, is the economic one. In other words, the party which can hold out longest will win the present fight, but winning the present fight does not insure us against another one. The operators tell us that the competition of bituminous coal prevents them from raising wages. Of course this competition is not going to cease with the ending of the present strike. It may be even more severe than before. Therefore, the economic forces must have their way. Not even the Government can prevent them. This is a hard saying, perhaps, but we can see no easier one. Government ownership would be stepping from the frying-pan into the fire.

AN OLD SUPERSTITION.

The platform of the Republicans of Massachusetts revives an old myth appertaining to the tariff question, in the terms following:

> "Changes which the world's progress and the interests of the American people may suggest, should and will be made by the Republican party whenever they are of sufficient importance to justify the check to business which inevitably attends any revision of the tariff."

The authorship of this plank in the Massachusetts platform is plausibly assigned to Senator Lodge. It is really immaterial by whom it was prepared, and we allude to the authorship merely to note the fact that the Senator seems not to apprehend any serious check to business if either coal or beef from Canada should be admitted to the United States free of duty. This suggestion, made by Mr. Lodge in a recent speech, leads the discriminating reader to ask what is meant by a "check to business." Nobody would anticipate a check to business from the importation of Canadian coal, but the Beef Trust might justly say that the introduction of Canadian beef would be a check to their business. A check is a very vague term. It may mean anything, from a financial panic like that of 1893 to a mere slackening of the demand for a single article of domestic production. It was evidently used in the Massachusetts platform as a bogy to affect the public imagination more or less. It is not true that revisions of the tariff check business either inevitably or generally, but if it were true, then the blame for such checking during the last forty years, with one single exception, would be upon the Republican party. A glance at our tariff history will prove this statement.

There were three tariff revisions during the rebellion, those of 1861, 1862, and 1864. All were made by the Republican party, and were, or were supposed to be, necessary for procuring revenue for carrying on the war. Nobody ever said at that time, and nobody ever imagined since, that any check to business was produced by those revisions. Yet we are now gravely reminded by the Massachusetts platform makers that such revisions "inevitably" check business.

The next tariff revision was made in 1870. Mr. Morrill, the father of the Morrill tariff of the war period, tried vainly to get those duties reduced which had been raised during the war as a compensation for the internal taxes on manufactures, which were now repealed. "Whatever percentage of duties," he said, "was imposed on foreign goods to cover internal taxation on home manufactures, should not now be claimed *as the lawful prize of protection* where such taxes have been repealed." The

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privateers thought otherwise. They prevented Father Morrill from carrying out his purpose, although Senator Sherman lent him a helping hand. The tariff was, however, revised by lowering some duties and raising others, but without any check to business.

Another tariff revision, and one on a much larger scale, was made in 1872. This was a Republican measure introduced by Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts, then Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. It repealed entirely the duties on tea and coffee, and made a "horizontal reduction" of 10 per cent. on other goods. No check to business was felt in consequence of this revision. but in September of the following year there was a financial panic due to gigantic speculation in railways and Western lands. Nobody at the time fancied that this crisis was caused by the petty reduction of the tariff on dutiable goods or by the repeal of the duties on tea and coffee; but whatever effect was produced was caused by the Republican party. This 10 per cent. reduction was itself repealed in 1875, the duties being restored to the old scale.

The Republicans initiated and carried through the famous tariff revision of 1883. All that need be said now is that it produced great political commotion, but did not give any check to business. In the following year there was a Wall Street flurry that has since been known as the Grant & Ward panic. The failure of Grant & Ward did not cause this trouble. It was most probably due to the operation of the Bland Silver Act, which had been pouring fiat money into the channels of business for six years at the rate of $30,000,000 per year.

The next tariff revision was the McKinley Bill of 1890. This was accompanied by the Sherman Silver Bill, and the two things together did produce disastrous results in 1893, but it will not be affirmed by any orthodox Republican that the McKinley tariff caused the check to business in that year. The orthodox belief is that the panic of June, 1893, was caused by the Wilson tariff of August, 1894. It is sufficient to say that it never caused any check to business at all. The check to business the preceding year was so disastrous that nothing could have made it worse.

This brings us down to the Dingley revision of 1897. We presume that not even Senator Lodge will contend that that revision caused a check to business. We are so near to it in point of time that we might remember such a check if it took place, but nobody recalls anything of the sort.

It is true that tariff changes cause an acceleration or retardation of the demand for particular kinds of goods. If the importers see that the duties are likely to be raised, they will bring in as large a stock as possible beforehand. If they think that the duties are to be reduced or repealed, they will suspend importation till the change takes effect. Changes in the internal-revenue taxes produce like effects, yet nobody has ever adduced that fact as a reason for refusing to make such changes. Nor has anybody ever affirmed that such changes inevitably check business.

We now repeat that there is no foundation for the statement that tariff revision either inevitably or generally causes a check to business. The theory that it does so is a myth born of the political exigencies of the past, and repeated so often that the myth-makers themselves have come to believe it.

SECRETARY SHAW'S CONSOLATIONS.

Out in Iowa the Republicans are having troubled dreams about Trusts and monopolies; but that favorite son of Iowa, Secretary Shaw, dining comfortably in Boston, laughs at their fears. His after-dinner speech last week, before the Republican Club of Massachusetts, was principally taken up with the consolation which he, Leslie M. Shaw, had found in the contemplation of the Trust problem. He did not deny that he himself had been a mourner in need of comfort. When he first heard of the Steel Corporation, for example, he was, he confessed, "staggered." Such a giant combination, a threatened monopoly sheltered by the tariff, he at first thought, as Senator Dolliver admits that he thought, would wipe out all that the Republican party had taught on the subject of protection. But "since then," he said, "I have investigated somewhat, and I have discovered a few facts which are quite a consolation, at least to me."

The first "consolation to be drawn from the enormous business of the Steel Corporation" is, according to Secretary Shaw, the fact that it "pays out for labor every dollar except what it pays in interest and dividends." By this ingenuous process of reasoning he arrives at the conclusion that "this one concern paid during the year ending June 30 over $400,000,000 for labor." That neatly places all royalties, salaries, rentals, sinking funds, and syndicate profits under the head of "labor." It is a new application of the copybook motto, *labor omnia vincit*. It is commonly reported that Mr. Schwab's salary is several times that of the President of the United States. But it is so much paid for "labor," of course, and it must have been to Mr. Schwab's $3,000,000 house that the Secretary referred when he said that part of the millions paid out for labor was employed to "build homes."

But Mr. Shaw's chief comfort is that "competition is in sight." If there are any evils in such combinations as the Steel Corporation, competition will cure them, and will, in time, arise to do it. As to this, we have but two things to say. The first is that Secretary Shaw and his fellow-Republicans reject a form of competition which is immediately available. They cannot deny that the removal of the tariff duties on iron and steel would at once subject the Steel Corporation to a certain amount of foreign competition. The custom-house statistics show clearly what the American consumer is forced to pay to-day to protect the manufacturers of iron and steel, who need no protection. If Secretary Shaw really wants competition, here is a way to get it. But he declares that method impossible. His heart yearns over the "small manufacturer," who can endure the overwhelming competition of the Trust, but would wither and perish if the tariff duties were abolished. Of him we shall speak presently. He is far too "small" for Republican hypocrisy to hide behind him in the matter of desiring "competition" for monopolies. If it were really desired, the path to it lies blazed through tariff revision.

We must also remind Mr. Shaw that he ignores utterly the facts in respect to the formation of the Steel Corporation. It was organized expressly to prevent competition. It was, in fact, only the fear of one great subsidiary company that it would be wiped out by competition which gave birth to the huge combination. Now it is obviously on the cards to repeat that operation whenever domestic competition becomes really effective. As soon as Mr. Shaw gets it "in sight," the combination will be ready to put it out of sight in its own capacious maw. It would be only a matter of a few millions more of watered stock, another underwriting syndicate, and, presto! the thing would be done.

Secretary Shaw renewed his profession of faith that the Republican party was the only one that could settle the Trust question. For the Democrats he had a deep respect. He would concede them integrity and good motives—everything, in short, "except ability to cope with great problems." This reminds us of what Disraeli says of the Ministers who, just before the fall of Sir Robert Peel, held the conviction that they were "the only body of men competent to carry on affairs." Such a conviction, observes Disraeli, is "*often current on the eve of great changes*." Certainly the people could not be blamed for at least putting Democratic ability to the test, after their disappointing experience with Republican ability.

An excellent measure of their determined hostility to Trusts was furnished by a comic incident in connection with the Republican meeting at Carnegie Hall on October 8. Congressman Southwick worked himself up to a great pitch of oratorical fervor as he described the efforts of the Republican Administration to curb the Trusts, and called upon the audience to gaze upon the President "defying Wall Street, defying Mr. Morgan,

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if you please." This sent cold chills down the backs of the officers of the meeting, and they flew around to suppress that passage of the speech. In fact, the orthodox Republican report of the meeting notes Mr. Southwick merely among those who "also spoke." The innocent Albany Congressman had quite mistaken Platt's plan of campaign against the Trusts. But the attempted suppression of his dangerous words ought to show the country what to think of Secretary Shaw's plea that the Republicans alone mean business in dealing with the Trusts. The "business" they do mean is obvious—to ostentatiously threaten the Trusts with one hand, and to hold out the other for political contributions. Could Mr. Shaw's incompetent Democrats do worse than that?

THE SMALL PRODUCER.

During recent years a new class of political economists has made its appearance in the United States. It consists of persons who think that the tariff duties ought never to be lowered on any article if anybody engaged in producing it objects. These new-fledged economists never had their counterparts in any other age of the world—certainly not in our own history. If we search the writings of the fathers and founders of the system of protection, we find that they always looked forward to a time when our industries would be able to compete on equal terms with foreigners, and to stand without artificial support. Nobody in those primitive days had conceived the idea that the protective features of the tariff should last forever. They all said that domestic competition would bring prices down to the level of the world's markets, and then protection would be no longer necessary and would be repealed.

But times change, and we change with them. Henry Clay, Horace Greely, Justin S. Morrill, and John Sherman have passed away, and a school of philosophers has appeared who tell us that there is *one* condition under which the tariff ought never to be lowered. That condition is where a monopoly has been formed in a certain industry, and all but a small fraction of the producers have been taken into it. In that case we must keep the tariff up to concert pitch in order to protect the Small Producer. Since it must be a very cold day when a small producer cannot be found, it follows that the way to insure permanence of the tariff on a given article is to have nearly all the producers of it form themselves into a Trust. While they are going on separately and competing with each other, it is an open question whether public interests are or are not best promoted by the existing duties, but when 95 per cent. of them form a combination under a New Jersey charter and the other 5 per cent. are left out, then we should abandon all ideas of tariff reform. Henry Clay might say as he did in 1838:

> "No one, Mr. President, in the commencement of the protective policy, ever supposed that it was to be perpetual. We hoped and believed that temporary protection extended to our infant manufactures would bring them up and enable them to withstand competition with those of Europe. If the protective policy were entirely to cease in 1842, it would have existed twenty-six years from 1816, or eighteen from 1824, quite as long as, at either of those periods, its friends supposed might be necessary."

But such words would fall upon deaf ears now.

More than sixty years have passed away since those words were spoken by the father of the American system, and now we are told that the fact that an industry is well established is not a reason for lowering or repealing duties, provided there are both a large producer of the article and a small one working simultaneously. It is immaterial whether they are competing with each other or not. In point of fact the Small Producer generally does not compete with the large one. That is as far as possible from his intention. He knows that the Trust could and would crush him if his competition should prove an annoyance. So he "tails on" and becomes a silent partner in the combine. The Trusts are well pleased to know that the tariff is not to be touched as long as the Small Producer exists. So they will see to it that the Small Producer is in evidence, and that his production shall be sufficiently small to satisfy the demand of the politicians who are so deeply concerned for his interests.

The observed *modus operandi* by which the Small Producer becomes a factor in the case is this. The Trusts bring in all the producers that can do any harm as competitors. If they bring in 95 per cent. of the preëxisting companies, the remaining 5 per cent. take advantage of the fact that the market is steadied by the combination, and they avoid the cutting of rates more sedulously than ever. This is both natural and proper, and it may be in some cases an advantage to society, but it is to be observed that society has nothing to say about it. When competition is stopped, society must take what comes. The interest of the Small Producer is the same as that of the combine. In any case, where the Trust brings in all the existing producers, it is very easy to start some small ones to supply the semblance of competition, and this would be done, if necessary, in order to furnish an argument against changes in the tariff. But such bogus support is usually not needed. The Small Producer will enter the field voluntarily and take his chances of being bought up by the Trust or of doing a successful business by "tailing on." He knows that he will not be molested by the big concern so long as a few small ones are indispensable to keep the tariff intact.

The new-born concern of the Republican party for the Small Producer is the last resort of needy politicians who have exhausted every other means of preventing or postponing tariff changes. How not to do it, is their chief aim and never-ending task. The withdrawal of Speaker Henderson the other day made them more anxious than ever to find means for stopping the crevasse in their own embankment. The Small Producer is their last resource, but he cannot stop the gap—certainly not in Iowa, if we may take Gov. Cummins for a witness. In a speech at Chicago on Thursday he uttered words which may well be printed in conjunction with those spoken by Henry Clay sixty-four years ago, viz.:

> "No intelligent observer can doubt that upon some of the most important products of the United States the duties are too high; and it is the mission of the Republican party to reduce them so that they will again be in harmony with the principle out of which they spring. I speak but the sober truth when I say that now, with a full demand at home, the producer can, and does, use excessive duties as a weapon to enforce more than a reasonable price for the thing he produces. Protection will stand as a shield for honest labor and a mine for lawful profit, but it shall not be used as a sword for industrial piracy or as a mint for illegal gain."

A BISECTED COLLEGE COURSE.

The President of Columbia University, in his annual report, proposes a plan by which undergraduates may enter the professional schools upon the completion of two years of collegiate study, receiving at that time the degree of bachelor of arts. Students who remain for the full four years are to receive the degree of master of arts, and only such students are to be eligible for the courses leading to the Doctorate in Philosophy. The suggestion is full of interest, and will doubtless provoke long discussion. Certain features of the plan immediately commend themselves as practical and useful. It would undoubtedly be advantageous to the average young man to begin his professional course at twenty instead of twenty-two. Such a shortening of the college course would enable the young physician, or lawyer, to undertake the independent practice of his profession by his twenty-sixth year, which is surely none too early.

It is probably true that the college student at the end of his sophomore year has sufficient material training to enter upon the course in law or medicine. He knows, or should know, Latin well, and Greek tolerably; he has some slight acquaintance with French and German—if Greek has been omitted, he may even have considerable knowledge of modern languages; he has carried mathematics some distance into trigonometry, and has mastered the rudiments of the physical sciences. It would be absurd to call such a student liberally educated,

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He has gained no comprehensive view of history, has had only perfunctory instruction in the great literatures, lacks entirely the studies which especially develop the reasoning faculty, such as economics, psychology, and philosophy; and has missed, in short, both the subjects and the quality of instruction that do most to make a cultured man out of a college boy. Nevertheless, since he has no formal deficiency of preparation, it is logical to admit such a student to the professional schools. This should be done, however, with full appreciation of the fact that his studies have fallen far short of the traditional ideal of a liberal education. The Dean of Columbia College believes that the contemplated two years' course "could readily be made to include all of the studies now prescribed at Columbia for candidates for the degree of bachelor of arts." But it could be done only upon paper. Such a course would be as much of a sham as the "finishing" year at an old-school female academy. Whatever rags and tatters of senior and junior studies might be cast about the new-style bachelor of arts, would be provided at the sacrifice of his solid panoply of languages and mathematics. We believe it is desirable in many cases to shorten the undergraduate course to two years, but it is unworthy of a great university to present the new course as "definitive" or to give it the look of an equivalent for the old A.B. course.

President Butler frankly admits that this project takes issue not only with the practice of Harvard and Johns Hopkins, but also with recent tendencies at Columbia. These universities have been steadily working towards the coördination of all the graduate departments, requiring the completion of a college course as the indispensable minimum for admission to the departments of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, and Theology. Each and all of these departments were assumed to be pursuing the same ideals of pure science and original research. President Hadley of Yale, in his report for 1901-02, declared that this ideal was impracticably high for the average Law or Medical School. With him President Butler now takes position, tacitly allowing complete university status only to the School of Philosophy, which will maintain the old requirement for entrance, and accepting for law and medicine the less disinterested and more practical purpose of turning out not legists and medical discoverers, but practising lawyers and physicians. This is a defensible attitude, and if President Butler seems ready to sacrifice that academic prestige which will accrue to universities holding the contrary way, he doubtless has adequate practical reasons for so doing.

A curious implication of the plan is fully divined, but very cursorily discussed, in the Columbia report, namely, the competition of the preparatory schools. President Butler says that under no circumstances will the professional schools accept boys without collegiate training. This stand could not justly be taken. A dozen preparatory schools in the East give the studies of the collegiate freshman year in a fashion acceptable to Columbia and to every college in the land. These schools could, with no great revolution of their present organization, add the sophomore studies. The next step would be to apply for a charter to give whatever two-years' degree President Butler finally hits upon. No fair-minded legislature could refuse the application. The schools, too, in the interest of their own pupils, would be bound to assume collegiate standing, for it is probable that an added two years in schools of the highest character would be quite as useful to the average boy as the bisected college course, nearly a year of which must be used in getting adjusted to new conditions. It is clear that the tendency of the change would be to multiply greatly the degree-giving institutions, to reduce proportionately the undergraduate students at the universities, to subject the American small college to a very formidable competition, and, in short, to scatter far and wide through the country institutions fairly comparable to the French Lycée and German Gymnasium, which prepare their students for the university by their nineteenth or twentieth year.

If this be a fair statement of the implications of President Butler's plan, so revolutionary a movement should be carefully deliberated before it is launched. In justice to the hundreds of American colleges which give the A.B. for four years' work, the bisected course should bear a different designation. It should also be perceived that the students who take the old four years' course will immediately become an academic élite. They alone will have what Americans have for a generation regarded as a liberal education, and it is fit that they should bear the traditional degree of that education—the Baccalaureate Degree in Arts. In general, it must be said of President Butler's report that while it is admirably cogent and obviously adjusted to latter-day conditions as they are, its underlying philosophy compares ill with that of President Eliot, who seeks to shorten the college course by forcing the schools to a quicker and more efficient preparation, and by facilitating the progress of able and ambitious students through the present collegiate studies.

THE REBUILDING OF THE CAMPANILE.

VENICE, September 20, 1902.

"Venizia la ze noster,
L'avemo fato nu,"

—Venice is ours, We made her—says an old Venetian song. So say the people still, and to the *forestieri* who venture to suggest that the *Campaniel* can never be rebuilt, that it will cost too many millions, that it will be impossible to excavate the old piles and build new foundations without endangering those of St. Mark's and the royal palace, they make answer that their *veci* (forbears) dug and drove down their piles, found money, built and rebuilt their tower, defying thunderbolts, earthquakes, and fires, and that they to-day are not so poor and mean as to let their children and grandchildren grow up without the *Campaniel*. Nine weeks have passed since the weary Titan bent his knee and fell prostrate in the Piazzetta, the golden angel on its summit flying to lay its mutilated remains on the threshold of the central porch of St. Mark's, yet the people think and talk of nothing else. All their spare minutes are passed in the Piazza and Piazzetta, where a wooden enclosure some two metres high surrounds the still wide and lofty mass of ruins of the mighty tower. Workmen, superintended by vigilant engineers, carry off in wheelbarrows the bricks and stucco to the canal, where barges transport the bricks and solid bits of masonry to the Island of Grace, the rubbish to the north of the Lido, where it is thrown into the sea. As the workmen are paid by weight, each barrow passes over the scales. "Poor dear! now that they have killed thee, they weigh thy bones," say the people. For half a lire, "the fee to serve for the reconstruction of the belfry tower," you can enter the enclosure, but the people content themselves with the "spyglasses" which they made for themselves by knocking in the knots in the deal planks; and the occupant of each of these reports progress to the bystanders.

During the first days that followed on the catastrophe the excitement was intense; troops and police occupied the enclosure, scrutinizing the barrows, the workmen's clothes and persons, to prevent the theft of the fragments of bronze and marble statues, or fragments of the famous Loggetta of Sansovino (which, but for the blind incredulity of the "guardians" of the tower, might have been removed intact at the eleventh hour), or fragments of the four bronze bells (the fifth and biggest, the Marangona, is whole), of the gilt bronze angel, and other artistic relics. But, now that the mountain mass of ruin has descended to the level of the custodian's house, now that the two upper steps of the basement are visible, no other treasures can be hoped for, and the surveillance is relaxed. Of the four bronze statues, Minerva, Apollo, Mercury, and Peace, two are only bruised; Minerva and Peace are decapitated, but the heads have been recovered; of all four, only two fingers are missing. The bronze gates, one torn and twisted, still exist; some of the marble tablets even are intact. By the end of the month it is believed that all the ruins will be removed; but there is one touching obstacle which will render the last works difficult and delicate. "Anca morendo, el ze sta galantomo," said a sobbing gondoliere on the day of the death, thinking of the miraculous fact that not only no single human victim had been sacrificed by the "honest man" in dying, but to the golden basilica, "his widow," he left her beauty unimpaired. The one single harm inflicted by his fall was on the angle of the Royal Palace, where the Sansovino Library sustained partial damage. Two pictures of Andrea

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Schiavone and of Antonio Molinari are ruined, but Titian's "Transport of the Body of St. Mark from Alexandria" and "St. Mark saving a Saracen from Drowning" are uninjured; and, as though to show his grief for hurt inflicted, the "dying one" left sufficient of his "bones" to fill up the breach and sustain the broken arch. Before these can be removed, strong props and stays must replace them; this done, it will be seen whether the arch can be saved, or if it must be demolished and reconstructed. Reconstruction and all repairs of the Palace belong to the royal house, which will not grudge the expense. It is the reconstruction of the *Campaniel* that preoccupies the people and their "conscript fathers." Nothing but the solemn promise given and the half million voted by the municipal council on the day after the catastrophe could have restrained cries for vengeance on its authors, from this populace ordinarily so pacific and long-suffering.

The names of the real authors of the disaster are Ignorance and Presumption, set on high when the office of the "Superintendents of Fine Arts and Antiquities" was abolished, and regional offices were substituted in 1890. The former office was filled by artists, architects, and intelligent lovers of the monuments of their native cities; the latter are filled with bureaucratic employees appointed by favor rather than by merit. That imminent danger threatened the tower was asserted in the early nineties by an intelligent practical stonemason, Luigi Vendrasco. He maintained that the foundations were sound, that the apparently diminished height (70 centimetres) of the tower was due, not to the depression of those foundations, but to the successive heightening of the pavement of St. Mark's Piazza—a fact ascertained in 1887 by Comm. Boni, now the intelligent and active director of the reparations of the basilica, and, it is hoped, the future rebuilder of the Campanile. The damage done by the lightning in 1745, insisted Vedrasco, had never been properly repaired; the crack in the walls, though temporarily adjusted by Bernardino Zendrini (who built the famous Murazzi to protect the lagoon from the inroads of the sea), was gradually and surely enlarging; the swinging of the bells, the continual crashing of artillery, were widening and lengthening the aperture; unless the walls were secured by internal and external clamping-irons and supports, the tower would fall, and at no distant date. His "superiors" laughed and chaffed; then, growing weary of his jeremiads, induced the then Minister of Public Instruction, the famous Baccelli, to transfer the importunate subordinate. He was ordered to Milan, but declined the honor. Then, as a punishment, he was "commanded" to leave Venice for the island of Sardinia; but "ca i Veniziani no vede il campaniel di Marco i ze morti" (when Venetians don't see the belfry tower of St. Mark's, they die), and Luigi preferred to lose his post, Baccelli leaving him no alternative, and to live within the sound of the Marangona, poor but able to keep himself and his family by hard work. Seven years passed. Jeremiah's lamentations continued; not only the belfry tower, but the Ducal Palace and vast portions of the Basilica were hastening to ruin. Fortunately for the former, other sentinels were "all' erta," and the necessary reparations of the columns of the sea angle have been successfully carried out. That many portions of St. Mark's Church are undermined is now an accepted fact, and it is hoped that the precautions taken by Comm. Boni are not too late. But, so far from giving any credit to Vedrasco's warnings anent the enlarging "rift" in the Campanile, the regional guardians seemed bent on its destruction.

Why the custodian of the tower should ever have been allowed a habitation within the walls instead of in an adjoining house is not known, but this custodian, "a saintly person," it is said, and the Benjamin of the pious guardians, was indulged in every whim; a commodious kitchen involved the dislocation of several large stones in the wall. There the rain water dribbled into the Loggetta, and the guardian of the tower actually removed a large stone in the corner of the base, substituting others, "inflicting a wound of several metres in the foot of the Colossus." The old rift widened and deepened, the new wound festered and swelled. All this became visible to the naked eye. Venetian citizens of note clamored; the grand guardian was "interviewed," and, deriding the fears of the profane, he scornfully rejected the warnings of experts. Suffice it to remember that the drawing of the weekly lottery was held as usual in the Loggetta on Saturday afternoon, the 12th of July—only forty-two hours before the fall. The prefect of Venice, however, on his own authority, though assured by the "lawful guardians" that the tower was in "no danger," forbade the Sunday evening concert in the square of St. Mark's, which prohibition alarmed the populace, especially as stones were falling from the tower. Yet many who saw the custodian remove his bed from the ground floor had been assured by him that there was no danger; that he was only doing it to stop his wife's silly fears. Some anxious lovers watched all night on the Square, angry with their own anxiety, for had not every mother's son transferred Byron's lines from Rome to Venice?

> "When falls the Campanile, Venice falls;
> When Venice falls, the world."

When the Library in construction by the beloved Sansovino fell, the *repubrica* imprisoned the architect and kept him in durance vile till Titian and his other friends proved that the disaster was no fault of his, but was caused by the violent cannonading of galleys just arrived from Beirut. Sansovino, liberated, went on with his Library, whose first instalment of books came from Messer Petrarca, enriched later by Cardinal Bessarione. The republic forbade any cannon to be fired off in the lagoons. The Austrians, to give them their due, were extremely careful of Venetian monuments, and received just meed of praise from Ruskin, who considered that the Venetians had "no single definite ground of complaint against the Government." During the bombardment of 1848, nearly all the palaces were injured, and Tintoret's pictures in the Scuola di San Rocco suffered badly; but the capitulation came in time to save St. Mark's Square, though the shells had reached to within a hundred yards of the Church itself. Since the entrance of the Italians, every birthday or death-day of the royal house, every festival, national or local, has been celebrated by the cannon's mouth; now, not even the midday or sunset gun is allowed to be fired, and you miss them as you miss in far greater degree the familiar call of the Marangona, the bell so named because it summoned the carpenters and other workmen of the Arsenal to their daily toil. Venetians, too, miss the *mezzana* at 9 A. M., the midday bell and the bell at 2 P. M. This, too, was the signal for the pigeons to their "dinner" in the Piazza. When the belfry fell, they all fled in alarm; then towards two o'clock many ventured back, but, hearing no summons, very few descended; even now they seem very uncertain and unhappy, though the people assemble and encourage them by scattering bread and maize besides the regular supply. "You see," said a woman who was encouraging them, "we *must* have our bell-tower; we are like the doves—we never know the time now." "And who is to warn us when a fire breaks out at night?" asked another. Truly, they *must* have their tower, but how and when?

"The same tower on the same spot; only with broader foundations, can be erected in five years," Comm. Boni said yesterday, in a notable interview. "Is it so?" I asked his *alter ego*, Ing. Rosso, who lives, moves, and has his being among the ruins or in his office on the first floor of the Ducal Palace, and whom you would scarcely distinguish from the workmen themselves, as he passes from barrow to barrow, taking a specimen here and there of bricks made at different periods—Roman and Venetian, some curiously colored by the action of fire—or bits of marble from the cells of the different bells.

"It may be so, can be so, ought to be so," he answered. "As far as we can yet ascertain, there is no subsidence in the foundations, but the whole basement will be removed, and the deepest depth fathomed, and new piles driven down, but by hydraulic pressure, so that no harm will result to the surrounding monuments. The steps forming the basement will all be seen above the pavement, and will probably be broader than the old ones."

"Then you do not consider them sufficient to sustain the weight and height of the tower?"

"Not so; the basement sustained the tower for over a thousand years; as far as we can yet see, it had no share in the causes of its fall, but we do not know what weight it has sustained, for the 80,000 tons of material said to have fallen is a mere guess; nor can we know what will be the weight of the material of the future tower."

"Will it have to be all new; will modern bricks be equal to these old, strong, tough, compact specimens?"

"We hope so. Comm. Boni is reported to have said that a great portion of the brickwork was old Roman of the first and second centuries, with the impress of Nero, Claudius, Pius Antoninus. The Roman cement was very strong. The Venetians, during the Middle Ages, used a new cement—Istrian lime, mixed with sand—not nearly so secure. Now we must find material to match in strength the strongest of the Roman material, and Boni thinks that he has discovered it. As for cement, it suffices to mix Roman pozzolana with Istrian chalk. There will be no difficulty about the materials."

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"When is it possible that the actual rebuilding may begin?"

"Not till the spring. Assuredly months will be occupied in the researches among the old foundations, in ascertaining the nature of the various sediments. This, if ever, is a case for going surely, no matter how slowly."

"And the cost?" I ventured to ask.

"He must be a wise man who could make a true estimate beforehand."

"They say two millions will suffice."

"When a contractor pledges himself to rebuild the tower on such a model, of such a height, using certain prescribed materials, and gives guarantees for the fulfilment of his pledge, then one may begin to examine his estimates; at present, all is the talk of irresponsible individuals. Meanwhile, it would be well to have even the two millions safe and put out at interest."

Minister Nasi, who arrived on the day after the disaster and promptly discharged the faithless guardians, naming Comm. Boni in their stead, is pledged to bring in a bill for a subsidy. But will it pass in the present Parliament, which will be occupied with projects for the relief of the unutterable misery of the Basilicata and the sister provinces which brave old Zanardelli is now visiting? The refusal of the wealthy and usually generous city of Milan to contribute 10,000 lire for the reconstruction of the tower, as proposed by the venerable Senator Massorenti, came as a surprise and disappointment; but the fact is accounted for by the refusal of the Venetian municipality to abstain from holding its international artistic exhibition in order to ensure greater success to Milan's proposed exhibition. At the present moment, the sum subscribed does not yet reach a million and a half.

All that is decided on is the excavations, to be made as soon as all the materials of the fallen tower are removed. Comm. Boni is the man best fitted for this work, not only because of his successful excavations of the Roman Forum, but because in 1885 he assisted Mr. C. H. Blackall, a Boston architect, to ascertain how and of what material the foundations of Venetian monuments were composed; Mr. Blackall paying a portion of the expenses, and the publisher of the grand illustrations of the Basilica and the belfry tower defraying the remainder. By demolishing a bit of the pavement they found that the tower, which was nearly 100 metres high (far higher than its original founders intended), rests on the solid, compact white clay covering the alluvial soil of the Venetian estuary, into which piles are driven very close to each other. The raft is of oak, whereas that of the Basilica is of pine (*pinus larix*), both foundations laid in the ninth century, before the Venetians had become masters of the terra-firma provinces. J. W. M.

LAST YEARS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

PARIS, September 27, 1902.

M. Edmond Biré, well known already by several works of literary criticism, has given us very recently a valuable volume, under the title of 'The Last Years of Chateaubriand (1830-1848).' We are familiar with the young Chateaubriand and the Chateaubriand of the Restoration. There is nothing to be compared, as a literary as well as an historical document, to the famous 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe.' Chateaubriand may be called the father of Romanticism. His Celtic genius broke away from all the ties of the classical school, which was still in the ascendant during the first years of the eighteenth century. A *romantique* in literature, Chateaubriand was a *romantique* even in politics; he differed from the school which always accommodates action to circumstances, a school of which Talleyrand may be considered the most remarkable type. Chateaubriand treated monarchy and liberty like two goddesses, to whom he was devoted like a knight of the feudal ages. He served the cause of the Bourbons with the spirit which is well described in his own verse—

"Sombre fidélité pour les causes tombées."

But his fidelity to their cause was never separated in his mind from his fidelity to the cause of liberty. He remains, on the whole, in literature as well as in politics, a solitary genius, representative of his native province, Brittany; and he will always deserve to be studied by those who prize originality and poetry.

Chateaubriand's correspondence has never been published as a whole. We know it only in fragments. In the 'Complete Works,' published by Ladvocat, there is a 'Journey in Italy' in 1827, which opens with three letters written by Chateaubriand to his friend Joubert. In the two volumes of the 'Congress of Verona' there are several letters of his addressed to Villèle, De Serre, Canning, La Ferronays, M. de Montmorency, Hyde de Neuville, Polignac, Gen. Bourmont. Many letters appear in the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe.' Out of a hundred, thirty-one are addressed to Madame Récamier. We find many letters also in the biography of Chênedollé, published in 1849 by Sainte-Beuve. In them revives the little society which met in the salon of Madame de Beaumont, and in which everybody had a nickname. Chauteaubriand was the cat, his wife the *chatte;* Madame de Beaumont was the swallow, Madame Joubert the wolf, Fontanes the boar, Joubert the stag. As Sainte-Beuve remarks, one had never seen so many beasts with so much *esprit* together.

Madame de Beaumont became consumptive, and died in Rome in 1803; Chateaubriand gives an account of her last moments in a letter addressed to M. de la Luzerne. Joubert, who shared the reading of it, says: "Nothing is more capable of drawing tears than this account. It is, however, consoling. . . . One feels, when one has known her, that she would have given ten years of her life to die so calmly and to be so regretted." Chateaubriand's relations with Madame de Custine have been the subject of much discussion. The documents concerning them are to be found in a volume by M. Paul de Raynal, 'The Correspondents of M. Joubert'; in the volume by M. Bardoux, 'La Comtesse Pauline de Beaumont'; in a volume published in 1893 by M. de Robethon, under the title, 'Chateaubriand et Madame de Custine: Épisode et Correspondance Inédites.' (Madame de Custine died in 1826.) These two episodes of Madame de Beaumont and Madame de Custine show us Chateaubriand as a young man, in a select and small coterie. He had not yet risen quite to fame. "When out of my woods and out of the obscurity of my life," he says in his Memoirs, "I was still truly savage; I hardly dared to lift my eyes to a lady surrounded by admirers."

Chateaubriand made the acquaintance of Madame Récamier, who was to become the great passion of his life, in 1801, at the time when he had just published 'Atala, or the Love of Two Savages in the Desert.' He was presented to her by a friend, but saw her again only twelve years afterwards, at the house of Madame de Staël.

Their correspondence, beginning with a short note on the 28th of November, 1820, ends twenty-seven years afterwards on the 28th of July, 1847. It never was interrupted during Chateaubriand's embassies, his tenure of office as Minister of the Foreign Office, his long stay in Rome.

"In Rome," says M. E. Biré, "amidst these illustrious memories, the sepulchre of Scipio and the charming tomb of Cecilia Metella, on the spot where the dust of heroes is mingled with the dust of martyrs; in this city, unique in the world, an unrivalled medley of architecture and of ruins, of glory and solitude, of sadness and greatness, Chateaubriand finds himself in his true country, where his imagination discovers all its power and brilliancy."

It was at Rome that he wrote his "Letter to M. de Fontanes," the finest pages of the 'Martyrs,' and the most eloquent of his many letters to Madame Récamier. These last were published by Madame Lenormant, the niece of Madame Récamier, in their integrity.

We possess now nearly all the letters written by Chateaubriand. Of the many different publications in which they are scattered I will cite the 'Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse de Chateaubriand,' manuscript of 1826, followed by inedited letters by Charles Lenormant (one volume, 1874); the 'Débuts Diplomatiques de Chateaubriand,' by Count Édouard Frémy, a collection of articles published in the *Correspondant* in 1893; the 'Politique de la Restauration en 1822 et 1823,' by M. de Marcellus, published in 1853; a volume of Villemain's, published in 1858 under the title 'La Tribune Moderne: Étude sur M. de Chateaubriand, sa Vie, ses Écrits et son Influence'; the 'Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Mon Temps,' by Guizot; the 'Mémoires et Correspondance du Comte de Villèle'; the 'Mémoires et Souvenirs' of Baron Hyde de Neuville. To this list, which is already very long, must be added the 'Correspondence of the Count de Serre'; the 'Souvenirs of the Baron de Barante,' published by his grandson, Claude de Barante; the 'Correspondence of the elder Ampère, and his son, Jean-Jacques Ampère,' published by Madame Cheuvreux. I will not cite the numberless articles published in reviews and magazines, in which here and there are found some lines by the great writer.

M. Edmond Biré's volume is very rich in letters of the last period of Chateaubriand's life, beginning after the Revolution of 1830. On the 7th of August, 1830, the throne was proclaimed vacant in the House of Peers and the crown conferred on the Duke d'Orléans; at the same time several modifications were introduced into the Constitution. A vote took place on the motion proposing these fundamental changes. Chateaubriand attacked it in words which have remained famous, beginning with "Useless Cassandra, I sufficient-

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ly fatigued the crown and the country with my disdained warnings," and ending with his refusal to renounce the Bourbons "at the moment when, for the third and last time, they take the road into exile." The next day he wrote to his friend, M. Fraser Frisell, a letter, reproduced by M. Biré, in which he repeats less eloquently the same sentiments. M. Fraser Frisell belonged to an old Scotch family; he travelled in France during the Revolution, and was for a time thrown in prison. He made the acquaintance of M. and Madame de Chateaubriand under the Empire, and remained their friend till he died at Torquay in 1846. Chateaubriand, on the 10th of August, sent in his resignation as a Peer and a minister of state. He renounced the pension of 12,000 francs which had been allotted him to maintain the dignity of his office.

Among the letters published in 1832, and printed anew by M. Edmond Biré, I notice those exchanged with Prince Louis Napoleon, the future Napoleon III. The Prince writes from Arenenberg, May 4, 1832:

"I have just read your last pamphlet. How fortunate are the Bourbons to have for their supporter a genius like yours! You renovate a cause with the arms which have helped to strike it down; you find words which will go to all French hearts. Whatever is national finds an echo in your soul; when you speak of the great man who made France illustrious for twenty years, the elevation of the subject inspires you. Your genius embraces it in its entirety, and your soul, flowing naturally, surrounds the greatest glory with the greatest thoughts. . . ."

To these high-sounding phrases Chateaubriand answers in the same vein:

"We, meet, sir, in a common sympathy. Your youth, like my old age, wishes the honor of France. . . . Where is your uncle, sir? To others, I would say: Where is the tutor of kings and the master of kings? In defending the cause of Legitimacy, I have no illusions; but I believe that a man who wishes for public esteem must be faithful to his oath. Lord Falkland, friend of liberty and hostile to the court, was killed at Newbury in the army of Charles I. You will live, sir, to see your country free and happy; you will go through ruins, among which I shall remain, since I am myself one of those ruins."

What would Chateaubriand have said, or not said, had he seen the Prince to whom he wrote these lines Emperor of the French, and afterwards discrowned and exiled?

M. Biré's volume deserves to be read. In all of Chateaubriand's letters will be found those flashes of imagination which characterize his genius; as well, I may add, as the proofs of his unfitness for the concrete duties of the ordinary politician or statesman. He had a certain sort of unpracticality in him; he was a *romantique* in politics, as he had been in literature.

Correspondence.

OBFUSCATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is it not about time to ask the Bishop Potters and the Dr. Lyman Abbotts to say precisely what they mean by their term "justice," which unionistic literature, under their tutelage, has adopted in the form "fairness"? One supposed the sole purpose of the law was to formulate, as well as men can, that tentative, unsatisfactory working rule of justice which is all that is possible in such a world as ours. Evidently the obstacles which have hitherto barred the way to the establishment of criteria of absolute justice have, in recent years, been removed. Seemingly, the excellent gentlemen who teach credulous men that there is somehow a measure of fairness superior to, and outside of, the law of the land, to which appeal may somehow be had, have light which some of us lack. If they really mean anything determinate when they speak of justice, what is that meaning? If they have no new meaning, let them say why they lead men to suppose that they have.

The confusion of the "ought to be" and the "it is," to which most preachers and moral enthusiasts are so prone, is accountable enough; but when the confusion is embodied in the practice of unionistic sympathizers, and a pandering, temporizing, politics-playing journalism tacitly encourages this confusion for partisan ends, the time seems to have come when the least a man can do is to say what he thinks, even though it involves a serious charge against well-meaning men.

Yours truly, S. D. Merton.

St. Louis, October 8, 1902.

LODGE-IC IS LOGIC.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You have it that although logic is taught in Massachusetts universities, little of it got into the Republican platform. Those nearer the scene beg to differ, as it is apparent there was a great deal of Lodge-ic there.—Yours truly,

Edward Brooks.

Andover, Mass., October 11, 1902.

ETHICS OF THE WILDERNESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was very much interested by your recent article on "The Law of Forest and Mountain," and also by the letter of J. Richards touching on a phase of the same law observed in Sweden. It may be of interest to your readers to know that a similar high degree of honesty and confidence prevails among natives in various parts of the Far East. I remember once, when making an excursion in central Java from Buitenzorg out to Gunong-Salak, to have seen along the path in several places little tables with fruit on them exposed for sale. The owners had come out to the path in the early morning, put the fruit in its place with a box for money near it, and then returned to their work. Any traveller who wanted to refresh himself took what he desired, dropped the recognized price in the box, and went his way. So far as I could learn, the thought never occurred to any one to plunder these fruit-stands, or defraud the owners in any way.

Very truly, R. Clyde Ford.

Marquette, Mich., October 10, 1902.

DOCTOR DISSERTATIONS ONCE MORE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor von Klenze's protest against certain strictures of mine upon a doctor dissertation prepared under his guidance convinces me that it was, after all, worth while to perform the unpleasant task which I felt bound regretfully to take upon myself; for his remarks clearly show that it is not so much the author of the dissertation in question as certain tendencies of our graduate instruction which must be held responsible for the lamentable shortcomings of a treatise deemed worthy of the official imprint of one of our foremost universities.

I confined myself in my letter to quoting some of the conclusions which the author, in the "Summary" at the end of his dissertation, formulates as the outcome of his whole investigation. A summary of a scientific discussion may rightfully be expected to contain either some new principle or at least some new fact. Neither of these is to be found in the "Summary" of this dissertation; as a matter of fact, it is made up wholly of reiterations of some of the miscellaneous statements found in the body of the dissertation itself.

As to this main body of the dissertation, I characterized it as a "stringing together, through more than a hundred pages, of random excerpts from poems, letters, and descriptions of travel." This characterization, which I fully maintain, I feel now compelled to supplement by the statement that nowhere in the whole dissertation is there to be seen an attempt at entering into the spirit of the writers from whom the excerpts are made, and that the author throughout shows no evidence in himself of that "sense of nature," the absence or presence of which in these writers he undertakes to discuss. As a single instance of this fundamental defect, I mention one of his quotations from Opitz:

"Ihr Birken und ihr hohen Linden,
Ihr Wüsten und du stiller Wald,
Lebt wohl mit euren tiefen Gründen
Und grünen Wiesen mannigfalt."

These deep-felt and graphic lines, alive with genuine and instinctive joy in forest and field, figure among the author's quotations intended to prove that "the treatment of nature in the works of Opitz is almost altogether conventional"!

I am not surprised that this dissertation should have met with the approval of Professor Biese, for it clearly shows the influence of this voluminous compiler. Indeed, what I said of the "hackwork of the ordinary German doctor dissertation" was meant, in part, as a warning against the importation and blind imitation at American universities of the methods of literary study employed by him and his like. In closing my part of this controversy, I wish to add that I should not have called public attention to this dissertation had it not seemed to me a typical indication of a danger besetting all our graduate study—the danger of training plodders rather than thinkers. Kuno Francke.

Cambridge, Mass., October 8, 1902.

ORIGIN OF MARINE INSURANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Being a lawyer and law-writer, and having, moreover, some acquaintance with the Talmud, I was chosen by the editors of the 'Jewish Encyclopædia' (Funk & Wagnalls Company, publishers) to write most of the articles on Jewish jurisprudence. Among these, Commercial Law was allotted to me. I started with the idea that the Israel-

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ites of Bible and Talmud times were thoroughly uncommercial and knew very little about mercantile contracts, least of all about insurance. But I set out investigating, and, to my surprise, found a *Baraïtha* in the Babylonian Talmud, Baba Kamma, 116 b, to this purport:

"Our Sages have taught: When a ship goes upon the sea and a squall strikes her, and, in order to lighten her, they throw some of the cargo overboard, they make their calculation not according to the money value, but according to the weight of the different goods, and they should not depart from the custom of skippers; *and skippers have the right to contract*, that whosesoever vessel is lost, they will find him a new vessel; but if it be lost through his fault, they do not find another vessel for him, nor if he deviates into a course on which it is not customary for vessels to go."

Here are all the elements of mutual marine insurance; and the same page gives another *Baraïtha* on similar mutual insurance among the muleteers travelling in the same caravan.

The Babylonian Talmud was published about 500 A. D. It is a current discussion about the Mishnah, a compilation made by the Patriarch Rabbi Jehudah in North Palestine about 210 or 220, of the traditional or "Oral Law" as taught in Palestine down to his time. But a great many of the traditions or authoritative sayings remained outside of his compilation, and were known as *Baraïtha*, that is, "outside." They are quoted in the Talmud under "It was taught," or "Our Sages have taught," and are, moreover, distinguishable from the current of the Talmud by being written in the same language as the Mishnah. They are of the same age, and must often, in tradition, have come down from a much earlier age. It is thus very clear that, at or before 200 A. D., mutual insurance among ship-owners was in use along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean; that these had their customs, and that the judges regarded these customs as binding. None of the law-text writers on insurance trace it back within even 500 years of this time.

Hoping this will interest both lawyers and antiquarians, I remain, yours truly,

L. N. D.

Louisville, Ky., October 5, 1902.

Notes.

The current issue of the *American Historical Review* announces the practically complete arrangement with Messrs. Harper for a twenty-six-volume coöperative survey of "The American Nation," of which Prof. A. B. Hart of Harvard will be the general editor. "A History, from Original Material, by Associated Scholars," is the sub-title, and these scholars, beginning with Prof. E. P. Cheyney for the European Background of American History, end with Professor Hart for Ideals of American Government—a theme for the hour if there ever was one. The work is distributed into five groups. Three Southerners, at least, are among the writers.

D. Appleton & Co. have nearly ready 'My Life in Many States and in Foreign Lands,' by George Francis Train, and 'Animals before Man in North America,' by Dr. F. A. Lucas of the United States National Museum at Washington.

The anonymous romance in prose and verse, 'Nova Solyma,' or Jerusalem Regained, attributed to Milton by the Rev. Walter Begley; 'Henry VIII.,' by A. F. Pollard, sumptuously brought out; 'Raleigh in Guiana,' by Prof. Barrett Wendell; 'New York Sketches,' by Jesse Lynch Williams, illustrated by various hands; and 'Hegel's Logic: An Essay in Interpretation,' by Prof. John Grier Hibben of Princeton, are shortly to be published by Messrs. Scribner.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce 'Kentucky Poems,' by Madison Cawein, and 'The Primrose and Darwinism,' by a field naturalist.

The 'Confessions of a Wife,' which has been running in the *Century Magazine*, is set down for publication as a book on October 22.

A. S. Barnes & Co. announce 'Two on their Travels,' by Mrs. Archibald R. Colquhoun.

The "Arnheim Edition" of Poe's works in five octavo volumes, tastefully bound (Putnams), falls short of the highest excellence typographically. The letter is, to our thinking, too full-faced, as may be tested in the italic; and in other respects we think the pains bestowed on the page have not been rewarded. Professor Richardson's critical introduction, too, betrays no master hand, though it is not without interest and information. There remain Mr. Frederick Simpson Coburn's numerous full-page illustrations, which together constitute a remarkably even body of drawings, evincing sympathy with his author, imagination, and a power not always gloomy. This part of the enterprise we find entirely adequate. We may cite the plate "Eleonora" in volume iv. (p. 312); and especially "The Shadow," in volume ii. (p. 178). In the frontispiece to this latter volume Mr. Coburn is perhaps at his worst, when attempting to depict a horse "leaping with impetuosity." But on the whole he carries off the honors of the Arnheim Edition.

The remainder of the "Swastika Edition" of Kipling's works, in fifteen volumes, plainly bound in green cloth, emerges upon the market in a curious manner. It was bought back into the regular trade from the dry-goods firm of H. B. Claflin & Co. by Doubleday, Page & Co., and is now procurable only in sets bearing the diverse names of houses involved in Mr. Kipling's complicated experiments in copyright, among which the present publishers (or marketers) do not figure. Thus, we have Doubleday & McClure Co., Appletons, and the Century Company. The letterpress within varies correspondingly, and the edition is in other respects a "popular" one; but it will go upon one shelf or (as it comes to us) in one box, and will satisfy all the intellectual need of readers.

There is a pathetic strain in the preface to the new (third) edition of Sir Leslie Stephen's 'English Thought in the Eighteenth Century' (Putnams). Some errors he has remedied, but strength fails him to make such a general retouching as the artist or the lover of truth sees possible in a work laid aside for a period and then scrutinized afresh. One particular instance of unwitting injustice Sir Leslie confesses respecting Thomas Paine, and this he discovered through Mr. Conway's Life, which he cannot follow entirely in its estimate of Paine. He does not name the page on which this rectification will be found, and the curious will have a fine exercise in agility who make use of the index, where reference is by chapter and section, not by volume and page, and unitemized. For the benefit of such we will say that it is embodied in a footnote at page 261 of volume two.

Carlyle's 'French Revolution' for the pocket is well contrived in the Edinburgh Edition of Messrs. Scribner. Three volumes are combined into one by means of thin paper (but not too thin) and small, yet legible, type. There is an index and a portrait. The binding is pretty and flexible.

The same firm send us the fourth edition of Baedeker's 'Southern France, including Corsica.' The generous guide-maker's definition, by route and map, of Southern France reminds us of the dog whose tail was cut off just behind the ears; it embraces the country from Tours and Bourges and Dijon to the Mediterranean.

Mrs. R. L. Devonshire's translation of the 'Life and Letters of H. Taine' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a faithful, literal rendering of the original already discussed in these columns. Indeed, there is little attempt, if any, at giving a truly English dress to the version. *En passant* is good French; is "in passing" the only possible English equivalent? The transcription of Greek and Latin quotations is here and there faulty. But as, in this earlier correspondence of the great critic, style counts for little, the present rendering may do good service in spreading the knowledge that, although Taine's political and social ideas underwent some change in later years, his principles of conduct proclaiming the gospel of work were formulated before he had reached twenty-five.

Volumes xv.-xviii of Professor de Sumichrast's translation of Gautier are as remarkable as their predecessors for the extreme precision of mere verbal rendering without serious sacrifice of spirit or style. A careful examination of 'Avatar,' for instance, reveals hardly more than the slip (p. 129) which, by omitting the final *r* in *oreiller*, substitutes "the ear" for "the pillow." In the 'History of Romanticism' we should suggest that "en tira une *chevelure*" (p. 58) finds more graphic representation in "drew out a *wisp*" than in "drew out *some*." In the same volume (p. 151), the equivalent of *cheville* produces a singular incongruity: "a splendid bit of *padding*, wrought by powerful hands out of the cedar of the celestial abodes." It is in the descriptive and narrative passages of 'Le Capitaine Fracasse' that the translator's finest skill appears. The introductory critical notices are in every respect excellent.

A finely illustrated work in two volumes, entitled 'The Guardian of Marie Antoinette,' by Lillian C. Smythe (Dodd, Mead & Co.), tends, in spite of its professed purpose, to reduce the part played by one of the ablest diplomats and administrators of those troubled times to that of a reporter and supernumerary. Florimond Claude, Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, ambassador of the Holy Roman Empire at Versailles from 1766-1780, is obscured by over-elaboration of

"The little great, the infinite small thing,
That ruled the hour when Louis Quinze was King."

Marie Antoinette's character and conduct are exalted at the expense of her surroundings and her husband, "a waddling, blinking, corpulent, bungling, incapable imbecile," etc. (i., 229). The writer had command of excellent matter, comparatively

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new, which the work presents in imperfectly unified form. Still, the spirit with which some of the historical portraits are touched off may commend the book to popular taste.

One of the most extensive essays that have appeared on the economic topics now prominent, is entitled 'The Plain Facts as to the Trusts and the Tariff,' by George L. Bolen (Macmillan). The author has labored patiently to collect a quantity of statements of the kind which pass for facts, and of opinions delivered by wiseacres of various degree. He declares his aim to be to impart sound knowledge to the ignorant; but they will be only bewildered by this confused mass of information and misinformation. Nevertheless, the book has value as showing with much completeness the state of public opinion on the topics of current discussion.

The views of the early Christians concerning property are considered by the Rev. Orello Cone in a book entitled 'Rich and Poor in the New Testament' (Macmillan). Jesus and his followers apparently thought that the world was soon to come to an end, and, consistently with this expectation, despised the accumulation of wealth. To a generation inclined to believe that there is no world but this, the ethics of the New Testament are visionary. They can, of course, be modified and adapted to changed conditions, a process here illustrated; and there are always many readers interested in Biblical exegesis for itself, to whom this book may appeal.

The pick of Mr. Peter Newell's comical 'Topsys and Turvys' of 1893-94 has been reissued in the familiar form by the Century Co., and will give pleasure from the nursery up.

The *Mayflower Descendant* for October publishes the appeal of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association which aims to set up a monument at Provincetown, Mass., the scene of the first landing. The Treasurer is Howard F. Hopkins of Provincetown. This magazine, just closing its fourth volume, offers numerous attractions for volume five. "Stephen Hopkins and his Descendants" will be begun in the January number. Sundry facsimiles promised include autographs of the *Mayflower* passengers at scale. Governor Bradford's Letter-Book is to be reprinted.

The instalment of John Brown letters in the October number of the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography* contains nothing more curious than a request for the autograph of the prisoner at Charlestown from a Connecticut Yankee. There are numerous epistles from sympathizers, enemies, cranks, detectives, with anonymous warnings of rescue, etc.; one from Frederick Brown of Pecatonica, Ill., to his uncle; one from A. D. Stevens to his uncle James (withheld from transmission); and one from Copeland to A. W. Halbert (endorsed "Shouldn't go"), which furnishes some details of the catastrophe to the detachment under Capt. Kaga. Both Copeland's and Stevens's letters are manly and courageous in the face of their approaching execution.

The success of the commercial bureaus of Philadelphia and San Francisco has been so marked, according to the London *Times*, as to have impressed Lord Curzon with the desirability of doing something in the same direction for India. Accordingly, a scheme has been outlined, in a letter addressed to the Bengal Chamber of Commerce requesting suggestions, for the establishment of a Bureau of Commercial Intelligence. Its object will be to "procure and publish all information likely to be of use to commercial men, including matters relating to foreign and internal trade, the industrial and mineral resources of India, the competition of foreign staples with local Indian products and of Indian staples with foreign commodities abroad, the development of existing markets and the discovery of new ones." This information will be communicated through three principal channels; a public library of books, reports, etc.; an inquiry office; and a periodical journal containing statistics, analyses of consular reports, etc. The success of the scheme, the Viceroy recognizes, will depend largely on the spirit with which the Director-General approaches his task, and the active coöperation of the commercial public.

The manner in which the Anglo-Japanese alliance was received in Japan shows most strikingly the change that has come over that people. In the inland town of Sapporo, on the northernmost island, Yezo, the alliance was celebrated by a public meeting and a banquet. At the appointed time some 500 people gathered, and the exercises began with "God Save the King," played by the band, which was followed immediately by the Japanese national anthem. On the invitation of the Mayor an English missionary lady, the only representative of Great Britain in the town, made a short address, which was interpreted by a Japanese lady. Other speeches of a political nature followed, and the meeting closed and the banquet commenced with three cheers for England and the "great Empire of Japan."

Konrad von Maurer, the leading authority on early Scandinavian jurisprudence, died September 18, at Munich. He was born April 29, 1823, son of the historian and statesman, George Ludwig von Maurer. In 1847 he became professor extraordinarius of history at the University of Munich, and in 1852 professor ordinarius in Northern jurisprudence, in which position he remained until a few years before his death. Maurer published weighty monographs on the early Icelandic and Norwegian laws, edited several of the sagas, and made other important contributions to the literature of the North. His 'Conversion of the Norwegian Race to Christianity,' in two volumes (1855-56), and 'The Origin and Constitution of the Icelandic State' (1852), are still recognized authorities on those subjects. In celebration of the Icelandic millenary in 1874, he wrote an exhaustive history of Iceland down to 1262. Maurer's interest in Iceland, however, was not limited to the period treated in his history. He visited the island several times, and took an active part in the Icelandic Constitutional struggle. On his seventieth birthday, he was honored by the publication of a *Festschrift*, containing contributions from German and Scandinavian friends and former pupils.

Miss Foxcroft, who conceals her sex behind initials on the title-page of her 'Supplement to Burnet's History of My Own Time,' recently reviewed by us, will be the last to blame us for falling into the trap, as a correspondent kindly points out that we did. With their extended educational privileges and growing recognition for individual scholarly and scientific worth and attainments, women have a corresponding duty to declare themselves when going into print, *pour encourager les autres* as well as for the enlightenment of reviewers.

—The eighth of the contemplated ten volumes of the Oxford English Dictionary (H. Frowde) is begun this month with Q, under the immediate direction of W. A. Craigie, M.A., who takes his place beside Dr. Murray and Mr. Henry Bradley. The quarterly instalment contains the whole of the above letter, whose personal history is extremely interesting. Its invariable coupling with *u* in ordinary English words is more and more departed from by scholars in transliterating the Semitic *kōph*, as in Quabbala, Qurân. We remark that out of 80 pages given to this letter, qua- fills 37, qui- 26, que- 13, quo- but 4. Both Tennyson and Swift rhyme *quay* with a long *a*. *Quandary*, for which there is no derivation, is here stressed by preference on the penult; *quinine* on the ultimate, with first and second choice of long *e* or long *i* sound, the American usage being to stress the penult, with long *i* in both syllables. The *k* sound often heard among us in the word is not noticed. Etymology is baffled in the case of *queer*, *quirk*, *quiz*, *quod*, and *quoit*. While George Fox was very likely the first of his sect to be stigmatized as *Quaker*, according to his own account, there is some doubt whether Justice Bennet so dubbed him "because I bid them tremble at the Word of the Lord." The name appears three years earlier (1647), applied to the members of some foreign religious sect, from whom it was perhaps taken over. Roger Williams in 1643 first described the round clam *quahaug*, which he spelt "poquauhock." *Quassia*, curiously enough, was "named by Linnæus, about 1761, after a Surinam negro, Graman (= grand man) Quassi or Quacy (= Quashee), who discovered the virtues of the root in 1730." The verb *quail*, very common in literary use from 1520 to 1650, practically disappeared till revived by Scott, apparently, in the early part of the last century. *Quaint* fell out of sight in the course of the eighteenth century, and after 1800 came into vogue in the present, previously unusual, sense.

—The British School at Rome was opened in the spring of 1901, with scope and purposes similar to those of the American School in the same city founded six years earlier, but with an annual expenditure only about one-sixth of the amount at present required by its American forerunner. Its first volume of papers is at hand (Macmillan). The general style of publication is like that of the British School at Athens, in large octavo bound in boards, with open pages of print and ample margins, making a volume most dignified and pleasant to the eyes. Contrary to the custom of our American School in Rome, which publishes in the *American Journal of Archæology* papers by its youthful and previously untrained students, the British School prints in this volume but two papers, both of monographic length and character, and both by men of training and experience. The first is by the Director of the school, Mr. G. McN. Rushforth, on the Church of S. Maria Antiqua, recently disclosed under the

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northwest corner of the Palatine Hill behind the Fountain of Juturna. "From the ruins of the abandoned church, which never knew the hand of a restorer, the religious interests and tendencies of the Romans of [the 7th and 8th centuries], their standards of art and the kind of pictures they were accustomed to see, their dress and personal appearance, their manner of burial, have been brought home to us more vividly" than has before been possible. Mr. Rushforth's article covers 119 pages, with illustrations, and pays especial attention to the accurate description of the decoration of the church, being "chiefly a contribution to our knowledge of Byzantine iconography as it was understood and practised at Rome in the eighth century." The second article is from the pen of Mr. Thomas Ashby, jr., whose studies in the topography of ancient Rome and its neighborhood have been well known through the pages of the *Classical Review* and other periodicals, and who has shown much kindness to American students. His present article is of the highest interest to the classical topographer, presenting in somewhat more than 150 pages of printed text the first instalment of his minute and thorough investigations into the Classical Topography of the Roman Campagna, a field of study which has up to this time been but fragmentarily treated. The districts discussed in this first part of his publication are those lying along the routes of the Via Collatina, Via Prænestina, and Via Labicana from Rome to Segni. Eight detailed maps of the region on the large scale of 1:25000 accompany the article, and the whole furnishes a most welcome and intensely interesting contribution to topographical knowledge. The School deserves the congratulation and thanks of the world of classical archæologists for its initial volume.

—The convention of German jurists recently held in Berlin passed a resolution recommending, among other reforms, a revision and radical change of the law concerning lese-majesty, which is declared to be injurious to the sovereign, whom it is intended to protect, prejudicial to the monarchical principle, and wholly incompatible with the spirit of the age. The German Staatsanwalt or prosecuting attorney discovers insults in the most harmless expressions of disapprobation, and exhibits a ludicrous excess of zeal in the indictment of the supposed offenders, hoping thereby to win royal favor. The imprisonment of the editor of *Simplicissimus*, a Munich comic journal, for lese-majesty, added at once several hundred names to the list of his subscribers, and the prosecution of the Bavarian poet Friedrich Benz for criticising the Emperor's public utterances on art and artists, although resulting in his acquittal, greatly increased the sale of his works. Indeed, this method of protesting against such judicial proceedings is quite common in Germany, and very gratifying to the accused. Still more antiquated and absurd, if possible, is the paragraph of the German criminal code punishing offences against religious bodies which are recognized by the state. About a year ago a journalist was sent to jail for speaking with disrespect of the holy coat at Treves; and in September of the present year Julius Bruhns, editor of the Breslau *Volkswacht*, was condemned to fourteen days' imprisonment for denouncing as pious frauds the relics worshipped at Aix-la-Chapelle, the most important of which are the shift worn by the Virgin Mary as she gave birth to Jesus, the swaddling-clout of the new-born child, the sponge with which the crucified Saviour was given vinegar to drink, the winding-sheet of the decapitated John the Baptist, the linen waistband of Mary, the cord with which Christ was bound when scourged, his leathern girdle, the forearm of the aged Simeon, and two teeth of the doubting Thomas. These things and the adoration of them belong in legal phraseology to "the institutions and usages" of the Catholic Church, and any attack upon them is a penal offence, according to paragraph 166 of the German criminal code. Whoever asserts that they are spurious, insults a religious society under the protection of the Imperial Government, and thus renders himself liable to severe punishment. On the other hand, religious sects and associations not recognized by the state may be abused even in the grossest terms with impunity. Professor Kaufmann of the University of Breslau publicly protests against this injustice, and urges men of all confessions and all parties to unite in a petition to the Imperial Diet for the abolition of a law so inconsistent with the principles and tendencies of modern civilization.

—The friends of Theodor von Heldreich in this country will learn with sincere regret of the loss which science has sustained in his death on September 8, at the advanced age of eighty years. Born in Dresden in 1822, he gave himself from his early youth with ardor to the study of botany, at first at the University of Freiburg, later at Montpellier, where he studied under Duval, and later still at Geneva, where he continued his studies under the famous brother-botanists De Candolle. After travelling extensively in Italy, he came to Greece in 1843, to begin his lifework in the study of the Greek flora. Here, with the exception of a few years passed in Crete, he spent the remaining fifty-nine years of his life, making scientific journeys throughout Greece proper, the coasts of Asia Minor, Macedonia, and the islands of the archipelago; the results of which are embodied not only in his writings, but above all in his magnificent Herbarium of Greek Plants, which is absolutely unique in its completeness and scientific accuracy. More than 700 new species of plants in Greece and the Levant were discovered by him, as well as seven new genera; and, of the above, more than seventy species bear his name. In entomology also his researches were fruitful, and several species of Greek insects bear his name as their discoverer. His published writings were chiefly in the form of monographs on special subjects, contributed to the periodicals of the numerous learned societies of which he was a distinguished member. Some of the titles of the longer of these treatises are as follows: 'Flora of Crete,' 'Flora of Cephalonia and Aegina,' 'Flora of the Attic Plain,' 'Homeric Flora,' 'The Useful Plants of Greece' (Die Nutzpflanzen Griechenlands), etc., etc. Also, with Edmond Boissier, he compiled the 'Diagnoses Plantarum Orientalium.' In 1851 he was made Director of the Botanical Gardens at Athens, and this position he continued to hold until his death. From 1858 to 1883 he was Curator of the Natural History Museum at Athens.

—The literary as well as the botanical side of the Greek flora found in Heldreich an able expositor. The identification of the numerous plants mentioned by classical writers, from Homer down to Theocritus, is a branch of research which must always appeal strongly to the lovers of Greek literature. The discussions as to the botanical identification of such famous flowers as the Homeric λωτος, the lotus, hyacinth, etc., have been endless, involving as they do the greatest variety of opinion on philological as well as botanical questions. One of Heldreich's most recent identifications, which has found general acceptance, was that of 'Parietaria Judaïca L.' with the much-disputed *Parthenium* mentioned by Plutarch in the well-known passage in the Life of Pericles, relating to the building of the Propylæa; so that now the visitor to the Acropolis may recognize growing in profusion among the ruins the famous herb whose medicinal virtues were recommended by the Goddess of Healing herself, and it gives an additional touch of reality to Plutarch's anecdote to find the plant growing at the base of Hygieia's statue. This is but an isolated instance of the services which have been rendered to all lovers of the classics by Heldreich and his predecessors in this field. It is rumored that negotiations for the Herbarium have for some years past been pending, with regard to its acquisition by the Berlin Museum. At all events, there is no doubt that it will ere long find a permanent place in some one of the greater scientific collections of the world, where it will be more generally accessible than it has been hitherto.

—We venture to call that a "masterly inactivity" which has resulted, after a long interval, in such a stupendous success as Gustav Kruell's new portrait of Beethoven. Already it seemed as if this engraver had exhausted the possibilities of the wood block, but no one familiar with his unapproachable series of portraits of great Americans can fail to be impressed by the technique of his latest and certainly grandest production. So free, so fresh, so different—it is the old story, but how incredibly free and fresh and different! From the lawn of the master's bosom kerchief to his dusky wreath of hair, his chin as of hammered metal, the aerial background—all is playfully and caressingly light. It is well known that no satisfactory likeness of Beethoven has heretofore existed. Mr. Kruell's task was both creation and interpretation, in which latter respect he has no equal among living portraitists in black and white. He has conceived Beethoven in the prime and vigor of manhood, with all the energy of his genius speaking in every lineament. Imagination and art can hardly further go than in this instance, and, once seen, this veritable "symphony" will be coveted until it can be owned. The block is about nine inches by eleven, and the prints on Japan paper. Mr. Kruell's address is East Orange, N. J.

HIGGINSON'S LONGFELLOW.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. [American Men of Letters.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

The elusiveness of Longfellow's personality is hardly less than that of Tennyson's. That personality was made more rather than less bodiless for us by the Life

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written by his brother Samuel, of which the d minant aim was apparently to achieve an impersonal biography. Mr. Higginson, on the contrary, would gladly help us to visualize the man, and prizes every scrap of information that is contributory to this consummation, while at the same time he is rich in personal recollections and in knowledge of Longfellow's Cambridge environment. He warns us in his preface of three special characteristics of his book. The first of these is his use of a considerable amount of fresh material drawn from the manuscript letters of the first Mrs. Longfellow; the second, his use of material obtained from the "Harvard College Papers," manuscript accounts of college business preserved in the College Library; the third, his use of some of Longfellow's undergraduate and other early writings to enforce the moral of his predilection for a distinctly American type of literature. The value which Mr. Higginson assigns to these sources is a reflection of his modesty, as if he were required to justify a new life of Longfellow by the discovery of fresh material; as if we did not care much more for the writer's judgment of the man and his works than for a few additional details. Not but that these are welcome, especially those drawn from the letters of the young wife whose death was such a tragic incident of the poet's European journey preparatory for his Harvard professorship. Longfellow's correspondence touching his professorship is less interesting, but it is significant of the slight degree to which the poet qualified the business of the professor. The entire story of the professorship suggests that if Longfellow, like a much greater poet, laid upon himself "the lowliest duties," he grudged the time they took from more congenial tasks. Pegasus in the pedagogical harness chafed more than a little, and the day he broke loose from it finally was one of the happiest of his life.

Mr. Higginson's third novel source is possibly more eloquent of his own doughty Americanism in letters than indicative of any early predilection of Longfellow for a form of literature shaped on the peculiarities of our American life. He returns so often to Longfellow's Americanism that his plea for it must be regarded as fundamental to the structure of his book, and he has little difficulty in supporting it by the main pillars of Longfellow's literary production, 'Evangeline,' 'Hiawatha,' 'The Courtship of Miles Standish.' He is, of course, contending with the critics who have charged Longfellow with a foreign accent in his verse. But have not these been more concerned with the manner of the poet, his literary allusiveness, than with the material of his poems? We have imagined so, and also that Longfellow's choice of American subjects for his leading poems was significant of his wise economy of the criticism of Margaret Fuller and others on his early work as parasitic. It is certainly interesting that Longfellow's first published poem had an Indian subject, but there was less here of idiosyncrasy and prophecy than of conformity to popular standards. Indian tales and poems were the staple of popular domestic literature in 1820 and thereabout, many of them passing round in manuscript, and one, at least, of these a favorite in the family into which Theodore Parker was born. The Maine border had suffered so much and so recently from Indian warfare that some echoes of it must have lingered in the common air and found easy entrance to the mind of an imaginative boy. Longfellow's Commencement oration, "Our Native Authors," lends itself more cordially to Mr. Higginson's argument, while still its character is representative of ideas common to many heralds of the American literature that was to be. Of similar import is a list of American subjects for sketches made up in Europe, on his first visit, and sent to an American publisher. That the sketches were not written, but 'Outre-Mer' instead, was only natural. In the "Defence of Poetry," which appeared in the *North American Review* in January, 1832, Mr. Higginson finds a prediction of Emerson's "American Scholar" of 1836. There was in it one exact prediction of Mr. Higginson's persistent demand for a sincere poetical botany and ornithology. "Let us have," said Longfellow, "no more skylarks and nightingales." What remains true is that Longfellow was preëminently a closet poet, that he shaped his words and thoughts more upon books than upon natural objects and appearances. And, in his eagerness to prove him dominantly American, Mr. Higginson has done less than perfect justice to his service in bringing to the relief of our American poverty the wealth of European associations with things venerable and beautiful.

In an introductory chapter, Mr. Higginson brings statistics to confirm his confidence in the permanence of Longfellow's vogue. In the catalogue of the British Museum he has 357 titles to Tennyson's 487, Poe's 103, and Swinburne's 99. The list of translations of his works given in an appendix is even more strikingly to the same effect. Of the whole body of his verse and parts of it we have 100 different versions in eighteen languages. This, too, without any such assistance as Poe has had from a defective character. Wordsworth's admirers, we are told, were able to take courage from a report that he had once been intoxicated at Cambridge. Longfellow's have not had even so much of doubtful consolation. How little honor the poet had in his own country in the middle forties is indicated by a list of fifty-four authors, eligible for an American anthology, sent to Dr. Furness by Mr. Andrews Norton, in which Longfellow was not included. But twenty-four minor authors were also given, Longfellow at their head.

There is a careful study of Longfellow's "First Flights in Authorship." Particularly interesting are his poems running parallel with Bryant's in the *United States Literary Gazette*, in 1824 and after. Although Longfellow paid to Bryant the tribute of a sincere imitation, it would appear that he did not much impress Bryant with his rival powers. In 1841 Bryant edited 'Selections from the American Poets,' and gave Longfellow only four pages, though his 'Voices of the Night' had appeared in 1839, and had met with much favor. He allowed himself eight pages, Pierpont nine, Percival and Carlos Wilcox (!) eleven each. Stedman, in his 'Poets of America,' refers to Wilcox as a mild celebrant of our natural scenery, but gives no example of his manner in his 'American Anthology.' There was certainly something remarkable in Longfellow's devotion of himself from his college days to a purely literary career. His teaching at Bowdoin and Harvard was merely a device to enable him to pursue this without the money-stamp upon his work. In 1834 there was some talk of his going to Northampton to take the famous Round Hill School. Longfellow was very sanguine about it, his wife in gentle opposition: "I do not think Henry calculated for such a situation. If he dislikes so much the care of such a little family as ours, how can he expect to like the multifarious cares of such a large one!" Before the year was out, he had been offered and had accepted the Harvard professorship, and in the spring of 1838 was off to Europe for a year of preparatory study.

Every lover of Longfellow will be grateful to Mr. Higginson for the pathetic story of Mary Potter Longfellow's short married life, which began in 1831, and ended with her death in 1835. Mr. Higginson writes with the books of her girlish library before him, marked by her hand. In one of them, Bryant's "Death of the Flowers" is marked with special emphasis, as if she feared a prophecy in it of her own early death. She went abroad with her husband on his second visit to Europe, and several of her letters home are given. They are characterized by extreme simplicity, and the last was written only a few days before the beginning of the end. The poor child was nearly frozen to death in Sweden, and when she writes of "a long and tedious mile and a quarter" (Swedish), we know how tired she was, and how great her need of rest. The various emotions of this journey Longfellow eventually recollected in tranquillity, and 'Hyperion' was the outcome. Mr. Higginson treats the book as tenderly as possible, while noticing that the ardor which created it had begun to cool before it saw the light, and a cis-Atlantic current had set in. The style of the book was formed on that of Richter, whom Longfellow at this time preferred to Goethe, though less foolishly than George Bancroft, who wrote of Goethe, "His chances at popularity are diminishing. Twaddle will not pass long for wisdom."

There is acute and interesting comment on Longfellow's major poems and his different collections in the order of their appearance. An apology is offered for the omission of the anti-slavery poems from the Philadelphia collection of 1845, and no one could offer such an apology with better grace than Mr. Higginson. It is, that the Philadelphia edition was an illustrated one, not aiming at completeness, as did Harpers' edition of the next year, in which the anti-slavery poems appeared despite the Harpers' sighs. The Union apostrophe in "The Building of the Ship" was denounced by Garrison as "a eulogy dripping in the blood of imbruted humanity." The writer of this review remembers the use of it by Wendell Phillips as the climax of one of his great Music Hall speeches after the war had actually begun, and when even Hawthorne could say, "I rejoice that the old Union is smashed." 'Evangeline' has due honor, but Mr. Higginson thinks that Longfellow never nodded worse than over 'Kavanagh,' Hawthorne and Howells notwithstanding. Slight emphasis is laid on 'Hiawatha,' and there is an appearance of hiding an unfavorable opinion under the shadow of great names. But our space does not permit us to follow Mr. Higginson through the entire length of his genial com-

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mentary. He gives a chapter to the translation of Dante, expressing a preference for the early translations made by Longfellow, unassisted, to those made in conference with the Dante Club. "It is also to be observed that Professor Norton, in the original preface of his version, does not so much as mention the name of Longfellow." The trilogy that was no trilogy, "Christus," is exhibited as a painful evidence of Longfellow's unconsciousness of his waning power. The best of its three parts was the earliest, 'The Golden Legend.' What we most miss is some comparative criticism of the minor poems, of which Longfellow and Bayard Taylor are said to have thought "Chrysaor" the most admirable, perhaps because of its subtle and exquisite rhythm. The chapter entitled "Westminster Abbey," giving the account of the installation there of Longfellow's bust, anticipates by two chapters that on "Longfellow the Man," which contains an account of his death. Yet we would not have the book end on a different note from that which sounds the praise of Longfellow's life as an antidote of incalculable value to the materialism of the present time.

BALLAGH'S SLAVERY IN VIRGINIA.

A History of Slavery in Virginia. By James Curtis Ballagh. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1902. Pp. viii., 160.

Mr. Ballagh's work, awarded the John Marshall prize at Johns Hopkins University, and published as an extra volume in the "Studies in Historical and Political Science," is the first thoroughgoing attempt to trace the development of slavery, as a legal institution, in one of the States of the Union. It is not a little to be wondered at that, with all the contemporary activity in the study and writing of American history, work of just this character should so long have remained undone; yet it is obvious that only after every slave-holding State has been thus dealt with, will it be possible to write with adequate information the history of our most distinctive American institution.

Mr. Ballagh's history falls into three parts, the first of which deals with the slave trade and the slave population, the second with the development of slavery in colony and State, and the third with manumission, emancipation, and the status of free negroes. Noting the distinction between slavery and servitude, and the presence in Virginia of both servants and slaves, the author traces with much detail the growth of slavery in the colony under the stimulus of the slave trade, and the persistent efforts of the Assembly from an early time to regulate or prevent the importation of negroes. That slavery in Virginia was not so much a natural growth as an institution forced on the colony by England, and, even so, taking many years for its establishment, can no longer be doubted.

"From 1664 to 1671, several shiploads of negroes were brought in, but servants continued to be imported at the greater rate of 1,500 a year, and in 1671 there were 6,000 servants to 2,000 slaves in Virginia. By 1683 the number of servants had doubled, while that of the slaves had increased by only one-third. From this time forth servitude gave way before slavery, which was forced on the colony in the large importation of negroes by the Royal African Company under its exclusive charter. It was the policy of the King and of the Duke of York, who stood at the head of the Company, to hasten the adoption of slavery by enactments cutting off the supply of indented servants, at the same time that large importations of slaves were made by their agents. The laws of 1676 and 1682 which legalized Indian slavery co-operated still further to increase the slave population. In 1698 the African trade was thrown open to separate traders. An active competition at once sprang up with the African Company, the separate traders importing large numbers of negroes and attempting to undersell the Company" (pp. 10, 11).

Beginning in 1699, accordingly, the Assembly sought to guard against the dangers of negro slavery by subjecting negroes and alien servants to discriminating duties. The attempt was only partially successful, however, and the influence of the slave traders was sufficient to secure "the withholding of the King's assent to as many as thirty-three different acts passed . . . prior to 1772 to discourage the slave trade." During the eighteenth century, the negro population rapidly increased, by 1756 outnumbering the whites in four-fifths of the counties, and causing general fear of insurrection. By this time it was the independent traders who were bringing in far the larger number of slaves, but Virginia was powerless to control its economic development where the interests of the colony conflicted with the colonial policy of England. Jefferson's arraignment of the King, in the first draft of the Declaration of Independence, for inciting the negroes to arms while forbidding the colony to prevent their importation, is well known, and the feeling thus expressed doubtless had much to do with the change of sentiment in Virginia towards the mother country. In 1778, when English control had been thrown off, Virginia promptly prohibited the slave trade, being the first organized political community in modern times to do so; and from this date the slave population, with some fluctuations, on the whole declined.

The long chapter on the development of slavery, comprising about two-thirds of the volume, is, perhaps, the one in which Mr. Ballagh makes his most important contribution to knowledge. The steps by which the legal status of the slave was settled are followed in great detail. The earlier ownership seems to have been regarded as a right to services rather than to persons —in Roman law, a right of *possessio* rather than of *dominium*. In Virginia, as in the other colonies, however, servitude of negroes and Indians passed historically into slavery.

"The first essential element in the change of status consisted merely in the modification of an incident, the extension of the term of service from a period of years to that of natural life. What is termed perpetual was substituted for limited service, while all the predetermined incidents of servitude, except such as referred to ultimate freedom, continued intact. . . . Apparently there was no marked change of condition either practically or legally as regarded the individual" (p. 37).

From this the step was short to the conceptions of the slave status as attaching to the issue of the slave, and of property in the person of the slave. Mr. Ballagh's account of the legal status of the slave as property—at first real, then personal—is particularly valuable.

When to the sanction of slavery based upon racial differences was added the sanction based upon religion, the difficulty occasioned by Christian baptism early presented itself. One of the ostensible reasons for the enslavement of the negroes was the pious pretence of thereby bringing them to a knowledge of the true God; but when baptism had certified to the accomplishment of this high purpose, it would seem that the slave should be thereby freed. The Virginia Assembly, equal to the occasion, voted in 1667 the naïve declaration that "Baptisme doth not alter the condition of the person as to his bondage or freedom; in order that diverse masters freed from this doubt may more carefully endeavor the propagation of Christianity"; and "in 1670, when slaves were for the first time legally designated in Virginia, the benefits *of Christianity as to freedom were limited* to servants imported from Christian lands" (p. 47).

The legal disabilities incident to slavery are considered under the heads of property status, with the consequent separation of families, civil restrictions, denial of marriage and trade, exemption from militia service, etc. On the other hand, the slave had by custom a limited property right, and a restricted right of contract with the consent of his master. A certain degree of personal agency attached to him, as shown particularly by penal legislation; and he had limited capacity as a witness. By an act of 1732, the slave was entitled to notification of his disabilities, the legal notice being given by the public reading of the act at stated times by the church wardens and sheriffs. Personal freedom of movement on Sundays and holidays was not restricted until 1680. The personal security of the slave was safeguarded by the provision of severe penalties for masters and others who maimed or injured him without cause, or who were guilty of cruelty in the infliction of the recognized punishment of whipping. "Prior to 1692, slaves guilty of capital crimes were entitled to the same procedure, including jury trials, as free whites" (p. 82), but the unsatisfactoriness of this method led to the substitution of a special tribunal. The harsher features of the criminal code were largely done away with by the end of the eighteenth century, and even while they lasted were the result, in the opinion of Jefferson and St.-George Tucker, not of inhumanity, but of "those political considerations indispensably necessary where slavery prevails to any great extent" (p. 89). The danger of slave insurrection, though widespread, was, in Mr. Ballagh's opinion, more imaginary than actual. After the Nat Turner insurrection, however, there was added to the disabilities of the slave the denial of instruction in the elements of secular education, though religious instruction was not greatly interfered with.

Finally, the slave was entitled to support and protection, laws being passed to secure this right, especially to the old, sick, or infirm, and to prevent it from being shifted onto the county. That the treatment of the slaves under average conditions was considerate, and that relations of affection and regard were often established between master and slave, is abundantly proved, while the lack of absentee landlordism and the generally small holdings of slaves were distinctly advantageous influences. "More

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than 55 per cent. of Virginia slaves in 1860 were held by owners of 1 to 20, and half of these by owners of 1 to 9. . . . Twenty slaves were considered the minimum under an overseer for a successful tobacco plantation. . . . The very small planters had a minimum of at least 200 acres, requiring but four or five slaves, and even the holders of 5,000 or 6,000 acres had often only sufficient slaves to clear and cultivate but a small proportion of their holdings" (pp. 104, 105).

We have space for little more than a mention of the chapter which Mr. Ballagh devotes to the legal development of manumission and the status of the free negro. Virginia seems to have had free negroes as early as 1668, and there came to be in time a considerable body of legislation and legal decision regarding the way in which manumission might take place, and the rights and duties of both master and slave in connection therewith. In 1795 the slave was allowed to sue *in forma pauperis* for his freedom, while the incidents of the suit were at the same time much modified. Further, a strong feeling in favor of general emancipation several times showed itself, and, "but for the unfortunate reaction produced by outside interference, the cause of freedom might possibly have triumphed in the Assembly of 1831-32" (p. 127). We remark that the acute "outside interference," at that date, consisted of two factors—the colored Bostonian Walker's two-year-old pamphlet 'Appeal,' and the white Bostonian Garrison's one-year-old *Liberator*, which were foolishly connected with Nat Turner's contemporaneous rising. The "cause of freedom," as presented in the Assembly, was inseparably identified with expatriation of the emancipated. It had no philanthropic basis whatever.

Mr. Ballagh's book is confined almost wholly to the legal aspects of slavery, economic and political considerations being comparatively little referred to. Within its field, however, it is to be cordially praised as a first-rate piece of work, and a good illustration of the wealth which still, for the most part, lies buried in the mine of American institutional history. The style, though at times involved and inelegant, is on the whole more than ordinarily readable, but it is a pity that the punctuation should so often have been left to shift for itself.

George Eliot. By Leslie Stephen. (English Men of Letters Series.) Edited by John Morley. The Macmillan Co. 1902.

To speak as an authority about George Eliot's work would be to lay down the law about many vexed questions of life and art—would be, indeed, to bring up the whole terrible question of the proper place and the importance of the novel as a form of literature. Mr. Leslie Stephen, from whom a sort of judicial decision might reasonably have been expected, cleverly escapes responsibility. In the course of his review, he does not ignore agitating topics met upon the way, but shirks them, by assuming to be a plain man with no pretension to esoteric knowledge. His book is an expression of personal opinion, and his manner that of one genially inviting correction.

His method is a little old-fashioned, for he applies himself to consideration of what his author did and the way she did it, instead of depreciating her at length because she did not do something else in an entirely different way. His opinions are, of course, informed with knowledge and critical discrimination, and expressed with clearness, moderation, and some grace; yet the tone of appreciation throughout is that of one who has always "highly considered," not of one who has ever been "quite devoted." In the narrative of his author's private life running along with review of her work, no new facts are presented, and those old facts which used to excite heated discussion are referred to with decent reserve. Her uncommon distinction is taken for granted, and tribute ungrudgingly paid to the range and power of her intellect and its high cultivation, to her talent for searching analysis, especially as regards her own sex, to her wit and humor, and her very rare power of reflection. The only personal opinion that Mr. Stephen urges eagerly, as if it had been or might be open to contention, relates to the intensely feminine quality of work which all the world except Dickens took to have been done by a man. "She was intimately feminine, though more philosophical than most women"—a recognition of her philosophical baggage that one hesitates to call "handsome." "In spite of her learning, she is always preëminently feminine," and then, almost immediately, as if by way of removing any doubt, Mr. Stephen points out that, in describing Adam Bede's passion for Hetty, she conspicuously shows "the kind of resentment with which a true woman contemplates a man unduly attracted by female beauty." A woman might wonder why he does not support this particular contention by his statement that "she always wrote with assent of mind, heart, and conscience, so that she might feel that she was doing something, however small, which wanted to be done in the world." What man ever so deliberately increased his share of the burden of sorrow that all must bear?

Mr. Stephen's general criticism may be fairly stated as an impression that, in spite of all her remarkable resources, George Eliot was weak on the creative side—a weakness particularly evident in that portion of her work which is not directly drawn from the scenes of her childhood and youth and the persons who then engaged her deep interest and everlasting affection. Ideas, he thinks, often presented themselves to her mind as abstractions, not concrete visions, and she then proceeded to construct character out of philosophical formulæ—which is obviously the wrong way about for a poet or a novelist. Undoubtedly she sometimes fell into an error very damaging to literature that pretends first of all to represent life. Her technically poetical works, parts of 'Romola' and of 'Daniel Deronda,' are much more certainly the offspring of reflection and knowledge acquired from books than of imaginative intuition, and knowledge derived at first hand from life. Yet, more than to frequency of this mental process, an apparent weakness of creative force may be due to the concentration of her vision on a few very impressive aspects of life, and the passionate intensity of their presentation. Her vision was profoundly tragic, embracing the tragedy of the soul at war with conditions, and the more awful spectacle of human character, capable of good, defeated by its own baser instincts and wholly abandoned to evil. For one of these tragic aspects she was always demanding sympathetic partisanship, and for the other she often exacted detestation. On the whole, she carried her own generation with the strong tide of her emotion, but there were always those who denied the truth of her vision, and who rejected the stern counsel she offered for the amelioration of a state of being in which happiness could not—indeed, should not—be hoped for. To be of the number that can get too much of solicitude for human destiny (especially in novels) is not a matter of just reproach. It is a disturbing solicitude, and unless one can heartily share it, one resents it, ends by being bored with it. In real life, we suspect that Dorotheas and Romolas, and, above all, Derondas, would bore Mr. Stephen to extinction, and that has perhaps more to do with his lack of enthusiasm than has a perception of a faulty process of literary construction.

At all events, he likes best an amusing imaginary world, rejoicing therefore in the whole proud family of Dodson, and in Mrs. Poyser, who "at once became immortal." Of the serious characters, Maggie Tulliver is his favorite, while Tito seems to him infamous, and Grandcourt detestable in a feminine rather than a masculine way. Perhaps he has not very deeply searched for a basis of character from which, as distinctive of sex, conduct could be inferred with greatest probability. Tito was a complex person with a simple scheme of life tenaciously adhered to. He never wanted existence to be an unhappy affair for any one; he only meant that it should be, no matter who paid, a very pleasant affair for himself. It seems to us that he tried for what he wanted in ways far more subtle and delicate than are the ways of any woman similarly constituted, and also with an agreeable unconsciousness of their sinfulness very masculine indeed. He incarnated, it is true, much of both men and women that George Eliot hated, and his characterization is a wonderful example of the illuminative power of the passion of hate. Rosamond Viney and (in a less degree) Gwendolen Harleth also illustrate the usefulness of hatred (under literary control) for exposing rather hateful characters. Grandcourt can be regarded most charitably as an indiscretion. George Eliot was not very familiar with the world from which he is drawn, and she shows her unfamiliarity and an undue desire to castigate. With him, and more still with Deronda, her sense of humor deserted her. There were moments when she was not saved from being tedious and absurd by being great.

In conclusion, Mr. Stephen remarks: "George Eliot's works, as I have read, have not at the present day quite so high a position as was assigned them by contemporary enthusiasm; this is a common phenomenon, and, in her case, I take it to be due to the partial misdirection of her powers in the later period." It is true that her popularity has waned, but that for novelists is an inevitable, not a phenomenal, destiny. Her eminence, however, has not been seriously challenged. More and more her preeminence among the Victorian group of novelists is beginning to appear, for, while she described as vividly as the best of them phases of the external life of their era, she added a record of prevailing

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thought and interpreted the time-spirit. In this power of inward vision she had and has no rival. It is, indeed, not improbable that the literary historian who shall in the future sum up the Victorians and deliver a verdict, may award her one of the seats of the mighty in the classical Valhalla, one below Shakspere only for wit and wisdom, and above all for expression of passionate sympathy with the woes and aspirations of the lonely human spirit.

Homeric Society. By Albert Galloway Keller, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co.

This study of the Iliad and Odyssey is a thorough piece of work which will be consulted by serious readers in general, and especially by students of social science and economics. It is an elaborate and technical analysis of the evidence afforded by the poems as to the society of the Homeric age, based more especially on a system and classification, as yet unpublished, devised by Professor Sumner of Yale. The author assumes that the Homeric evidence is direct and accurate, and that it has to do, in the main, with a single people and a single "culture epoch." Hence, the almost unique value of the poems as a social document. The Phœnicians are the chief influences with which this social sphere came in contact, and the Phœnicians had no intentional mission of either culture or religion, but were simply bent on cold self-interest. This sole motive, as Dr. Keller rather strikingly points out, "working through trade upon the material basis of less developed societies, has produced a maximum of result, with a minimum of pain, fruitless effort, and retrogression." The Phœnicians, then, were the agents through whom the Greeks first became acquainted with the culture of Chaldæa and Egypt. Of Chaldæa directly they seemed to know nothing. The Phœnicians they knew "from the standpoint of the lower civilization," as our author puts it. Homer's Phæacian episode is an imaginative sketch of an Oriental and maritime people; mirrored mainly from the Phœnicians, but far from being authentic and consistent in minor details. Nausicaa is a genuine Greek damsel; and, curiously enough, it is a Phæacian, Euryalus, who reproaches Odysseus with having the air of a mercenary supercargo. If there is a conflict of Phæacian and Greek ideals, Odysseus holds his own and a little more. His admiration for the accomplishments of his competitors is not unmixed; and there is certainly a slight undercurrent of contempt for their want of prowess in the more manly and warlike sports.

In connection with the Phæacian episode, it is a serious question whether the song of Demodocus on the amour of Ares and Aphrodite should be taken as testimony of the attitude of Homeric society towards adultery. That curious anticipation of the tone of opéra bouffe chimes better with the morals of the Court of Louis XIV. than with the total impression made by the portraits of Helen and Clytemnestra and Penelope and Andromache. At any rate, for linguistic and other reasons, the lay is unhesitatingly ruled out by many scholars as a later interpolation.

To most readers of the tale of Nausicaa it will seem a strange affirmation that "in the majority of instances modesty was formal and traditional, founded upon patriarchal restrictions, and not yet instinctive. Freedom of expression between the sexes points the same way; there was little or nothing to conceal." In reaching this conclusion, Dr. Keller probably begins with the Homeric bath, presided over by young women or maid-servants—no one knows just how—instead of taking the natural straightforward testimony of the narrative of the sixth book. A troop of handmaidens run away from the sight of a naked vagrant, while Nausicaa stands her ground, with a mixture of dignity, good sense, and right feeling which understands when to break conventions as well as when to preserve them; and this surely is the acme and the essence of the proprieties. As to the Homeric bath, the prevailing Japanese custom might throw some light on its decency; and the Japanese are long past the stage of patriarchal tabus. But nothing is so elusive and indefinable as the sentiment of modesty and the limits and conventions by which it is guarded.

The author's plan is a sound one, namely, to draw his evidence direct from the poems, and, as far as possible, from no other source. There are a good many points as to which it is hard to say any final word. He calls the Homeric knowledge of exterior geography *vague;* and, yet, just now, M. Bérard is endeavoring to prove, in the most interesting manner, that the descriptions of Scheria and of Calypso's Isle are founded on a Phœnician periplus, and display a knowledge of localities so intimate and accurate that it can be illustrated only by the Admiralty charts. Dr. Keller thinks *chalkos* was copper, with possibly a natural alloy; and this proviso will serve to meet part way those who insist that it was bronze. The beads of the necklace in Od. Bk. xv., 460, he asserts, were made of *electros*, the metal, while Mr. Munro decided that they were of *electron* or amber. As to writing, Dr. Keller concludes that while the Phœnician settlers in Greece probably used an alphabet, the Greeks themselves were ignorant of it; "for them the art of writing was yet to come." In all these matters we may strongly hope for additional light, and that light will come from the investigations which are multiplying in the various centres of Mycenæan or Aegean civilization. Granted that the Phœnicians were the immediate conveyers of culture to the Homeric Greeks, these earlier factors must inevitably have left their traces. The researches at Crete and elsewhere will fill many a gap and reveal many secrets.

There is one riddle which our author does not pretend to solve, one unique social product which he confesses his inability to account for, and that is the Homeric Poems themselves. These, at least, owed nothing to Assyria or to Egypt, or to the trading ships of the Phœnicians. "Before the contrast between these consummate products and the civilization whence they sprang, however relatively advanced, the mind stands amazed." Their root may have been the national impulse created by a successful war. But there is one negatively favorable condition which must have contributed to the development of this superlative work of genius. "It was not dwarfed and deformed by a restrictive and despotic cult; Greek art was freed from a domineering and all-conventionalizing priesthood."

In general, Dr. Keller's work is not a mere collection of bundles of dry economic facts. His analysis is keen and penetrating, and his generalizations are often full of pith and insight. As to religions he remarks: "The Homeric Greek was not a 'primitive man'; like all other men, he came under the domination of a cult whose conservatism registered the past with strokes so deep that when the reason for usages was long forgotten, the usages themselves remained." The Homeric religious ceremonial and sacrifice was a bargain with the gods, and "an insurance against the evil chances of life," an insurance effected even at endless waste and expense. On their part, the gods were well disposed if treated generously. And finally, "the expedition of Alexander the Great was far less national in character, led as it was by a despot, than the voluntary undertaking of the Trojan war."

In Sicily, 1896-1898-1900. By Douglas Sladen. 2 vols. London: Sands & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1901.

If information were sold by weight, there would be a precious supply of it in these ponderous quartos, which hardly turn the scale at twelve pounds. In point of fact, they contain a good deal not at all heavy in character, and it is a pity that the bookmaker should have done so much to spoil its usefulness by printing it on such thick, loaded, glossy paper. The volumes are absurdly inconvenient to carry about with one, and the page unpleasantly shiny.

As for the text, the worst that can be said of it is that it is garrulous and slipshod, sometimes even ungrammatical. There are pages of description which do not describe, where the essential and the non-essential are thrown together higgledy-piggledy in a torrent of words, somewhat after the manner of Mrs. Nickleby. And yet the book turns out to be, on the whole, pleasant reading, and in its way it makes a good companion for the traveller in Sicily, at least for one who does not object to paying for extra luggage.

Its way is this: according to the title-page, the book is the record of three visits made to Sicily, yet it reads as that of a single visit made in company of a young American lady and her betrothed, to whom the author plays the part (very much emended and brought up to date) of Piscator toward Venator and companions. Among the emendations is that of making Miss Heriot and Witheridge something more than empty names at the head of the sentences. Each has a distinct personality of his own, and their figures move through the pages with every appearance of life. The incidents bear the stamp of genuine personal experiences; some of them—*e. g.*, the episode of Stephana Heriot with the students at Cefalù—adding greatly to the charm of the narrative. The human nature is exceedingly well observed, though it might be objected that the vocabulary of the young lady is not always that of a Bostonian avid of culture, but would seem to be alloyed with that of some more untrammelled Western sister. The conversational *déshabillé* of Witheridge, who, though a graduate of Yale, would seem to owe his training largely to the boat club and the football ground, one may accept as exactly reported. He is rather out of his element in Sicily, except as an attendant on Miss Heriot; he possesses no

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language but his own peculiar variety of English; he has no interest in art or antiquity, and very little in scenery; he is careless and bored, but he is a capital good fellow, and his complete contrast to all his surroundings gives a slight tang to the narrative that is far from disagreeable. In fact, there are some of his sayings that one would be sorry to miss, as, that "There is very little a goat does not know, except how to behave." He and pretty, eager, unaffected Miss Heriot fairly divide with Sicily our interest in the book from beginning to end.

And as for the other half of the subject which gives its title to the work, it really does not suffer by the division. We simply make the tour of the island in pleasant company. It is the day-by-day record of the winter of a little party of indefatigable tourists, just like many another party, who want to see everything there is to be seen, and to know as much about it all as intelligent people, without pretensions to high scholarship, care to know. They suffer somewhat from the extortions of *facchini*, and they learn the lowest price for which a cabman can be induced to serve them, but their curiosity and enthusiasm are boundless, at least in the case of Miss Heriot and Mr. Sladen, and they are interested not only in churches, palaces, and ruins, but in the wild flowers, in chaffering with the dealers in curios, and in the people of the country. Mr. Sladen does the learning for the party with copious extracts from Cicero against Verres, from Professor Freeman and from Cardinal Newman. It has been already said that he is garrulous and discursive, which implies that he tells us a great deal that the fellow-tourist is always glad to hear: the comparative desirableness of the various hotels and pensions, the price of everything, from the weekly "arrangement" down to the samples of native pottery that he collects as souvenirs, the thousand little incidents of contact with the people of the country which make travelling a lesson in humanity. The reader gets to feel that he is making the round of Sicily with the Sladen party, and they are all so natural, so friendly, and communicative that he quickly becomes intimate, and ends with a sincere liking for their company. He gradually quits the critical for the sympathetic attitude, and when he learns the modest pretensions of the party leader as given in the closing sentence of the book, he has already accorded to him an unbegrudged esteem.

"I have given our itinerary in such detail, perfectly aware of the fact that it is very small beer. I have not given it because I think that the public will be in the least interested in what we did for any reason but one, and that reason is a highly important one—we contrived to get a vast amount of enjoyment at a very small expense. And I have yet to meet the traveller of modest means who does not want that recipe."

And so we have renounced all idea of carping at small inaccuracies in botany, in architecture, in Italian, or in English, and we gladly concede that the public may be interested in the book for other reasons than that assigned by the author. Neither Vuillier nor Paton nor Rod condescended to the "small beer" of the daily chronicle; but whatever they may have gained in dignity was at the loss of that sense of participation which Mr. Sladen inspires in his readers. Together with an unusually minute enumeration of the treasures of Sicily, he manages to give also an unusually strong impression of the peculiarities that make travelling there so delightful. Part of the secret of this is that the author is thoroughly in sympathy with his subject—he is enthusiastic over the beauties of the country and he makes light of small discomforts; and part is in the system he has adopted. He is, moreover, fairly free from the ordinary prejudices of the English traveller, and when the weakness crops out, it is so obviously weak as to be harmless. He indulges in the common British fling at the stupidity of Italian doctors, and gives a case in point that conclusively shows the ignorance and stupidity of the British patient. He atones, however, for such lapses by frequent flashes of insight or good-natured tolerance; with regard to a certain philanthropic meddlesomeness, he remarks that, "like Neapolitan cabmen, Sicilians do not like being put right by foreigners, odd as it may seem"; and again, with regard to the social code, he decides ("but with no touch of scorn"), "One thing is certain, that the Sicilian Mrs. Grundy would not pass muster in England."

We only regret that so light and gossipy an entertainment should be given in so unwieldy a setting. The volumes are copiously illustrated from photographs and other sources, often satisfactory, and exasperating only when they are the flabby oil paintings of an artist whom there is no need to name.

Mind in Evolution. By L. T. Hobhouse. Macmillan & Co. 1901. Pp. xv., 415.

Among standing divergences of opinion, that on the subject of animal intelligence holds an interesting place. The lovers of animal pets naturally lean to a generous interpretation of their favorites' actions, while nothing seems to afford greater satisfaction to hypercritical professors than to explain away the pleasing yarns of the enthusiasts. The general public varies its sympathies according to the speculative fashion of the day, inclining now to disavow, now to insist on, the continuity of the lower animals with man. And, as the same facts lend themselves to different inferences according to the prejudice with which they are regarded, the dispute goes merrily on. As Mr. Hobhouse well says, the question, *e. g.*, whether animals reason, is one which people will go on putting for ever, until they arrive at a definition of reason which will satisfy everybody. It is in one sense a question of terms; in another, a question of degree. Nevertheless, Mr. Hobhouse has succeeded in making a distinct contribution to comparative psychology, not only by his well-conceived and interesting experiments with animals, but also by the moderation and impartiality of his interpretations. His general thesis is that mental evolution proceeds continuously, but that, at certain points, increase of quantity produces changes of quality, by rendering possible new achievements with their whole train of consequences.

We have emphasized Mr. Hobhouse's contributions to animal psychology because it is in this that the main value of his book will probably be found. In other respects it is not quite so satisfactory. He has, *e. g.*, difficulties with the conception of Evolution, which, following popular usage, he takes as a process rather than as a resultant of a number of processes. But he sees the need of distinguishing progressive evolution from degeneration, and assumes that the former, which he calls orthogenic, consists of the growth of mind (p. 5). Later on (ch. 16), it is described as an advance toward a *higher* organization, and the higher is distinguished by the double test of organic unity and differentiation or "wider scope." But we are not told how to decide cases in which these two criteria act antagonistically.

The assumption, also (as Mr. Hobhouse admits it to be), that progress is due to the evolution of mind, seems beset with difficulties. He neglects to define his attitude towards the fashionable doctrines of mechanism and psychophysical parallelism before ascribing causal efficacy to mind. Again, on his own showing, mind at first was merely a successful device which was useful in the struggle for existence. Why, then, should it not remain such, and how can he legitimately arrive at his intellectualist vision of "Mind as the dominating principle in this world" (p. 398)? The part played by feelings and volitions in arousing the intellect seems to be seriously underestimated throughout. And finally, even if all orthogenic evolution were mental, it would hardly follow that only one ideal of social organization would be aimed at; for at every point in history there seems to be a number of alternative ideals, good or bad, or merely different, and which rather multiply with mental evolution. This conception, therefore, will hardly dispose of the possibility of degeneration, nor help us to decide whether, *e. g.*, a socialistic or an individualistic organization will be higher.

The metaphysical account, also, of the purposiveness immanent in evolution seems to be very obscure, and to shed no light on a very similar discussion of teleology in Mr. Hobhouse's 'Theory of Knowledge.' On the other hand, Mr. Hobhouse clearly sees that Natural Selection, taken as a model of social organization, is a method of barbarism, and that "organized life rests not on internecine rivalry, but on mutual interdependence." Liberal and progressive thinkers just now have the arduous task before them of impressing the popular mind as deeply with this truth as their adversaries have succeeded in staining it with a consciousness of the ineluctable struggle for existence.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, Jane. The Seven Little Sisters. Who Live on the Round Ball that Floats in the Air. New ed. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Arnold, Matthew. Literature and Dogma: An Essay toward a Better Apprehension of the Bible. New Amsterdam Book Co. $1.

Atkinson, W. W. The Law of the New Thoughts. Chicago: Psychic Research Company. $1.

Barlow, Jane. The Founding of Fortunes. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Barton, W. E. The Old World in the New Century: Being the Narrative of a Tour of the Mediterranean, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

Black, Alexander. Richard Gordon. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company. $1.50.

Bolton, C. K. The Private Soldier under Washington. Scribners. $1.25.

Brooke, S. A. The Poetry of Robert Browning. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.

Browning, Elizabeth B. Sonnets from the Portuguese. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Carroll, Lewis. Through the Looking-Glass. (Peter Newell Edition.) Harpers. $3.

Charpentier, Paul. Timber: A Comprehensive Study of Wood in All its Aspects, Commercial and Botanical. (Translated by Joseph Kennell.) London: Scott, Greenwood & Co.; New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $6.00.

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Colton, Julia M. Annals of Old Manhattan, 1609-1664. Brentano. $2.
Crane, Elizabeth G. The Imperial Republic: A Drama of the Day. Grafton Press.
Creelman, James. Eagle Blood. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company. $1.50.
Ford, P. L. Wanted—A Chaperon. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
Frémeaux, Paul. With Napoleon at St. Helena: Being the Memoirs of Dr. John Stokoe Naval Surgeon. (Translated by Edith S. Stokoe.) John Lane.
Games and Gambles. Illustrated by H. B. Neilson, with Verses by John Brymer. London: Blackie & Sons; New York: Scribner. $1.
Garis, H. R. With Force and Arms: A Tale of Love and Salem Witchcraft. J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co.
Geoffrey Chaucer's Prologue to the Book of the Tales of Canterbury, the Knight's Tale, the Nun's Priest's Tale. Edited by Andrew Ingraham. Macmillan. 25 cents.
Gerrish, Claribel, and Wells, Webster. The Beginner's Algebra. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Gilson, R. R. In the Morning Glow. Harpers. $1.25.
Gordon, Emma K. The Comprehensive Method of Teaching Reading, Book 1. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Habberton, John. The Tiger and the Insect. R. H. Russell. $1.20.
Harboe, Paul. The Son of Magnus. J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.50.
Harrod, Frances. Mother Earth: A Sentimental Comedy. J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.50.
Hope, Anthony. The Intrusions of Peggy. Harpers. $1.50.
Hughes, R. E. The Making of Citizens: A Study in Comparative Education. London: Walter Scott Publishing Company; New York, Scribners. $1.50.
Innes, J. H. New Amsterdam and its People: Studies, Social and Topographical, of the Town under Dutch and Early English Rule. Scribners. $2.50.
Jackson, Gabrielle E. Little Miss Sunshine. J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.50.
Jacobs, W. W. The Lady of the Barge. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Knox, G. W., McGiffert, A. C., and Brown, Francis. The Christian Point of View: Three Addresses. Scribners. 60 cents
Leighton, Robert. The Boys of Waveney. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Lloyd, H. D. A Country without Strikes: A Visit to the Compulsory Arbitration Court of New Zealand. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.
Long, W. J. School of the Woods: Some Life Studies of Animal Instincts and Animal Training. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Lorimer, G. H. Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Lyall, Alfred. Tennyson. (English Men of Letters.) Macmillan.
Lyle, L. D. Scott's Lady of the Lake. (Heath's English Classics.) Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Olston, A. B. Mind Power and Privileges. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Robinson, E. A. Captain Craig: A Book of Poems. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Stevenson, R. L. An Inland Voyage. New edition. Scribners. $1.25.
Torrey, Bates. Instruction in Practical Shorthand. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Van Praag, F. W. The Weaving of Webs. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
Waldstein, Charles, and Others. The Argive Heræum. Vol. I. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Walker, Frederick. Aerial Navigation: A Practical Handbook on the Construction of Dirigible Balloons, Aerostats, Aeroplanes, and Aeromotors. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son; New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.
Warnock, T. B. Richard Hume. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.25.
Weed, C. M., and Crossman, R. W. A Laboratory Guide for Beginners in Zoölogy. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Wells, Carolyn. Eight Girls and a Dog. Century Co. $1.
Wood, Frederic. Government and the State: A Consideration of Elementary Principles and their Application. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.
Woolley, Charles. A Two Year's Journal in New York, and Part of its Territories in America. Cleveland: The Burrows Bros. Co.
Worcester, J. E. A New Primary Dictionary of the English Language. Rev. ed. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 50 cents.

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